THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION, CHICAGO.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XL.—No. 2065.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1896.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
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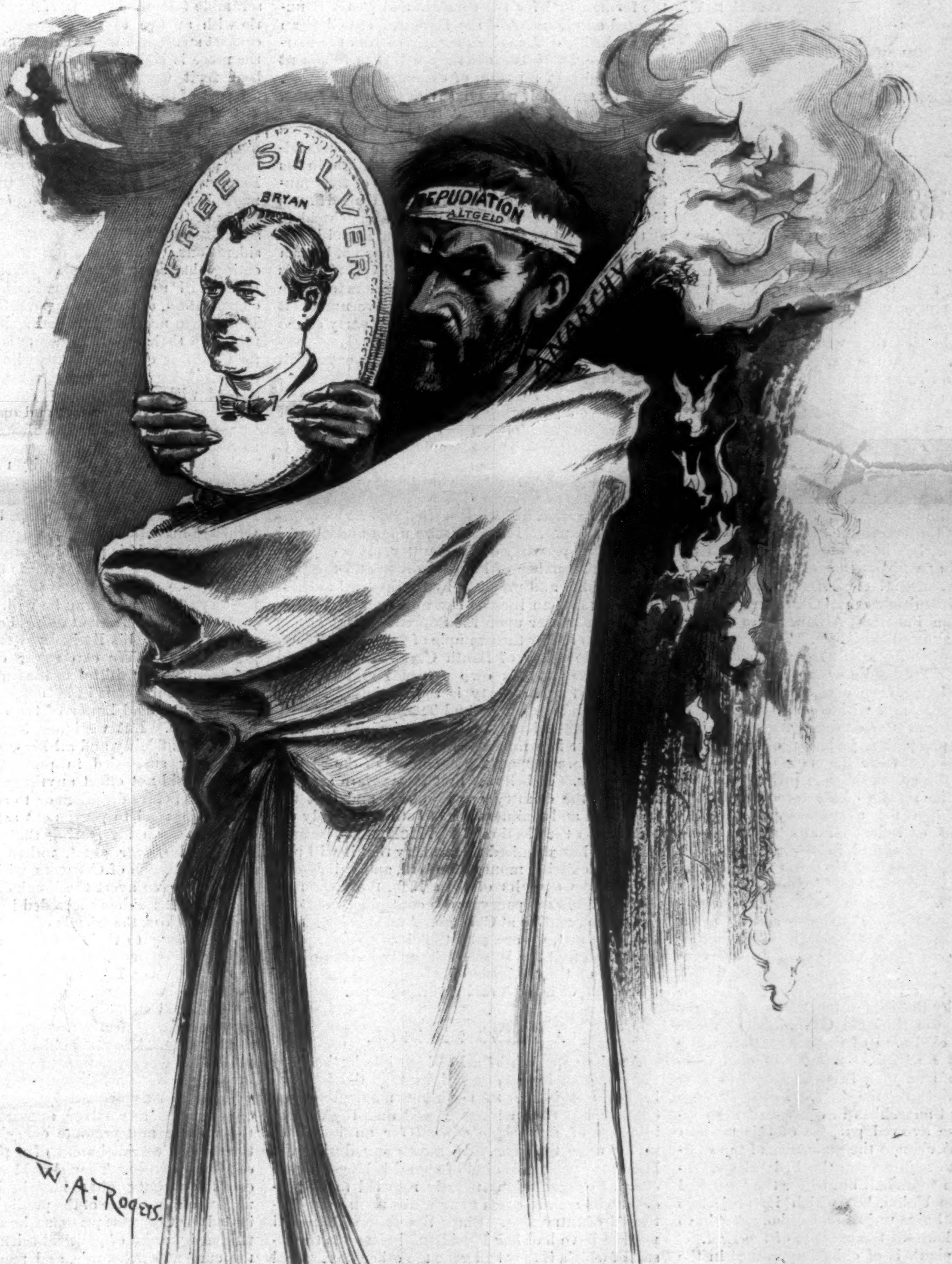
FREE SILVER
BRYAN
REPUDIATION
ALTGELD
ANARCHY
W. A. Rogers.

LEADER ALTGELD AND HIS MASK.

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(Twenty-four Pages.)

New York City, July 18, 1896.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

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THE TRIUMPH OF SECTIONALISM AND COMMUNISM.

THE miserable and humiliating outcome of the Chicago convention is not a surprise. Events marched rapidly after the free silver men finally ascertained that they were in control, and they exercised their power with a brutal disregard of the traditions and rules of their party and of the rights of the minority that was characteristic of their fanaticism. Given the power in the hands of the **Altgelds** and **Tillmans**, and it was inevitable that the platform would be an attack upon sound principles, a denial of established facts, and an assault upon common honesty and law and order, a declaration of war against civilization, and that the candidate would be worthy of the platform.

The Democratic party, as it is represented by the convention that met at Chicago, is a party of communism and sectionalism. It is not the only party of this kind that the country has known, but it is the only one that has been important enough to demand reckoning with as one of the two chief factors in a Presidential contest. Twenty years ago we had the Greenbackers and Grangers. Later, we have had the Farmers' Alliance, the Labor parties, and the avowed Socialists. The hardships of life, very few of which result from the action of government, that have bred a swarm of pestilential political insects, have been operative in this way since history began, and will continue until the millennium to foster the demagogues who fatten on hatred of prosperity, jealousy of rewarded industry, impatience with the rule of law, the desire to force the community to protect the individual from the results of his own incapacity, and to level down the average by restraining the development of industrial and social faculties. All this is expressed in the platform and ticket that were presented by the Chicago convention to "the considerate judgment of the American people." There is something almost grotesque in this invitation. It requests consideration and judgment upon a passionate bellow of ignorance, upon which the controllers of the convention themselves dared not permit the exercise of calm judgment, for to carry their point they refused to abide by the rule of the Democratic party which permits the National Committee to name the temporary chairman of the convention, while they threw out a sufficient number of gold delegates, seating silver men in their stead, to give themselves a two-thirds majority. Not only were communists and anarchists in control of the convention, but the avowed purpose of this modern Democracy is to change the guarantee of the Constitution, and to secure from the Federal government legislation that shall not be for the "general welfare" of the Union, but which its projectors fondly hope will give unjust and dishonest gain to the West and South at the expense of the East.

The money plank is of chief importance in the Democratic as in the Republican platform. Indeed, the Democratic plank begins with the statement that the "money question is paramount to all others at this time," almost the only truthful statement in the long and dreary welter of socialistic rant and commonplace that make up this curious contribution to political literature. The issue on the money question is therefore joined, and, we think, happily joined. The Republican party stands for the maintenance of the gold standard; the Democratic party advocates the free and unlimited coinage of silver. One party is for the dollar of commercial Europe; the other is for the dollar of China and Peru. One party insists that the honor and credit of the government shall be maintained; the other would degrade the national honor by repudiating the national obligations. One party insists on the full dollar, recognized everywhere in the world, for the wage-earner, the farmer, and the creditor; the other insists that labor and crops and debts shall be paid with a fifty-cent dollar. The Republican party's success next November will mean the maintenance of the national honor and of a truthful money standard, a first step towards the return of a general prosperity that is dependent, first of all, upon a sane currency system. The Democratic party's success will mean national dishonor, the triumph of ignorance, of a sectional and class war upon vested rights, upon all that goes to make for the prosperity of the merchant and the farmer, and for the constant and justly remunerated employment of the laborer. It will mean the exclusion of American securities from the markets of the world, because they will then represent the bad faith of a nation of dishonest repudiators. It will mean half-pay on savings-bank deposits, life-insurance policies, trust funds, pensions, salaries, and wages. Incomes will buy less and prices will go up. It will mean the triumph of a socialism that will exclude from participation in its doubtful benefits the thrift and energy of the country. It will mean the plunging of the United States into an age so dark that the imagination shudders at the prospect of such a reign of brutal and besotted ignorance as the civilized world has not known for centuries. If anything that can happen in this early stage of our experiment will demonstrate the failure of the democratic form of government, it will be the triumph of the Democratic party at the coming election.

There are other declarations in this extraordinary platform that are in harmony with the money plank. The Democratic party has pronounced in favor of repudiating the current obligations of the government, and against borrowing money for meeting them when the extravagance and improvidence of Congress have made the revenues less than the expenditures. It is in favor of fiat paper money. It is opposed to relieving the people of the burden of tariff taxation until it has tried its crazy experiment in finance. It would seize upon and control the railroad property of the country. It is opposed to the maintenance of law and order and the protection of life and property by the Federal authority. It wants an income tax, announces its readiness to make war upon the Supreme Court, and is prepared to follow the example of one of its leaders, who, as Governor of South Carolina, prostituted the judiciary to his own personal and partisan purposes. Such a party is appropriately led by anarchists like **Altgeld** and **Tillman**.

The **Weekly** has from the first insisted that the money issue is paramount in this campaign, and it will therefore support the candidate of the Republican party. It believes that the welfare and the honor of the country are involved, and that the protection and maintenance of both are largely dependent on the election of Mr. **McKinley**, because his party has promised the country that it will preserve the existing money standard, and will defend it from the assaults of the selfish, the dishonest, and the ignorant persons who controlled the Democratic convention at Chicago. And since the issue has to be met, we are glad that it is so clearly defined, and that the Democratic party has stated the position of the "friends of silver" in its most extravagant, dishonest, and revolting form.

A THING NEEDFUL.

AT the approach of a Presidential election party managers invariably tell us that the impending contest is one of the most momentous the country has ever witnessed, and that the dearest interests of the people depend for an indefinite period upon the issue. In most cases during the last thirty years this kind of appeal belonged to the class of exaggerations usually resorted to by peddlers who seek to press their wares upon unsophisticated country folk. Since the close of the civil war we have had few Presidential elections the result of which, if they had gone the other way, would have signified much more than a prosperity a little greater or a little less, or an administration of public affairs a little better or a little worse. But it will be generally admitted that the present campaign turns upon an issue the importance of which cannot possibly be overestimated. That this is quite generally felt to be so appears from the fact that this issue has forced itself into the foreground in spite of the efforts of the most influential politicians to hold it back, and that in the face of it all the old watchwords and battle-cries of the two great political parties lose their significance and power. When so keen a political speculator as **Matt Quay**, of Pennsylvania, to whom the cry of "Protection to American Industries" has so long served as a mantle for all his sins, admits that in this campaign "the issue will be the currency question exclusively, and the tariff will be a nonentity"; when hosts of old free-traders announce themselves ready to vote for **McKinley**, and, on the other hand, hoary Republican "wheel-horses" in the West are willing to forsake the "Grand Old Party" and to support any Democratic or Populist free-coinage man, all on account of the money question, it is evident that this question is touching a most sensitive nerve in the national organism.

On the whole, the disintegration of the old political parties now going on may be taken as a symptom of health in the body-politic. A campaign so initiated will certainly not be a mere scramble for plunder. It will not be a sham battle with an eye to the loaves and fishes, but an earnest struggle about real public interests. All the more is it desirable that this struggle should bear fruit worthy of it. This will require, on the part of the friends of sound money, the keenest watchfulness, as the disintegration of the old parties and the new division on the money issue is not going quite as far as might be wished. It is, indeed, to be expected that the earnest sound-money Democrats in States in which the free-coinage movement is strong will almost in a body leave the ranks of their old party, and in good faith support sound-money candidates, irrespective of other considerations. But we see multitudinous signs indicating that a large number of free-silver Republicans will nominally remain in the Republican organization, and while apparently supporting the Republican nominee for the Presidency, use all the means in their power to compass the nomination for Congress of Republicans who at least secretly sympathize with the free-silver movement, and, if elected, will cast their votes steadily for measures pointing in that direction, and oppose any legislation necessary for the establishment of a sound monetary system.

The selection of trustworthy men for Congress is, therefore, a matter of supreme importance, not only because, as is thought by many, Mr. **McKinley**, if elected President, may be largely determined in his action by the temper prevailing among the members of his party in Congress, but because, even if he shows himself ever so firm in his adherence to the sound-money principle embodied in the Republican platform, he will, as the executive part of the government alone, be able to do little more than use his limited power to maintain the gold reserve. We can never expect to have a President more faithful to the sound-money cause, and more courageous in his determination to maintain the financial honor of the country, than Mr. **Cleveland**. But we know from sad experience that all his fidelity and all his courage, while they repeatedly succeeded in preventing sudden collapses, could not effect anything to stop the cause of our monetary disorders or to advance the country on the road to permanent safety. Nay, there is good reason for fearing that such fidelity and courage, however great, unless supported by at least one branch of Congress, will not in the long-run be able to avert the break-down which so far Mr. **Cleveland** has succeeded in averting.

If, therefore, the friends of sound money wish to do their duty to their cause in a really effective manner, they must at once discard the idea that the election of a President pledged to a gold platform will be enough. They cannot too soon recognize the absolute necessity of backing that President with a perfectly trustworthy House of Representatives. They should at once make known their firm determination to oppose any candidate for Congress, to whatever party he may belong, who cannot be depended upon not only to discountenance any silver nonsense, but earnestly to advocate and promote every measure tending toward the establishment of a permanent system of sound finance. They should without delay proceed to do what ought to have been done long ago—urge upon the notice of the public as men to be nominated for Congress persons who are not mere politicians, ignorant of political science, knowing only the current catchwords, and ready to bend before every gust of popular opinion, but persons who have studied the financial question, who have formed intelligent and strong convictions about it, who "know what they are talking about" when they discuss it, who thus can communicate their convictions to others, and who cannot be tricked

into any of those deceitful compromises which appear so easily acceptable to the ignorant who do not see their dangerous effects. Such men of knowledge and conviction will be natural and very powerful leaders in every debate on financial subjects, and they will be especially needed in a Congress which will have to resist the temptation of buying higher tariff duties with concessions to silver—that is, with an indefinite prolongation of that paralyzing uncertainty which is hanging over all our business activities. A score or two of such men in the House of Representatives would be a tower of strength, and we doubt whether the friends of sound money can do a more valuable service to their cause than by speedily selecting persons of this description from the ranks of both parties, by urging them persistently upon public attention from the very beginning of the campaign, and by making an organized and unceasing effort to secure their nomination for Congress. If they do this they will, in a campaign like the present, in which the public mind is so seriously occupied, not with mere party politics, but with real public interests, have an unusually promising chance of success.

THE VENEZUELA NEGOTIATION.

We agree with what appears to be the strong sentiment of rational Englishmen on the desirability of closing up the Venezuela negotiation, although we do not agree with them in supposing that such expedition is necessary in order to prevent the issue between the two countries from becoming an inflaming feature of the Presidential campaign. There is not much substance for demagogues left in the Venezuela incident, and even Jingoes in their lucid moments, those of them who have such moments, admit that there is no possible chance for a war with England over that miserable boundary dispute. Besides, we have more important business on hand than our international relations.

The negotiation would be better closed, because so long as it is open it is a cause for disquiet and for strained or artificial relations. It is best that the two countries should stand on their true relations to one another, and that they are not now doing so is manifested in various ways, and no way of them all is more regrettable than the hysterical manifestations of unreal friendship for the generic American that some Englishmen are displaying. What we ought to want is an honest international attitude, and that we cannot have while this negotiation is pending. Besides, there can be no time better than the present for quietly ending the whole matter by including it in a general treaty of arbitration, for Great Britain can the more readily submit the Venezuela question to arbitration at the request of the United States now that she regards us as having a certain right to speak for the South American government.

But there ought to be no undue haste in the matter. There is promise now that some good is likely to result from the action of President Cleveland and of Congress, and from the strong-minded and vigorous-speaking diplomacy of Secretary Olney. If a treaty for general arbitration should be that result, the termination of the affair would be most happy. The Venezuela question would then not become a bitter memory in some American minds, and the hope of war would pass away from some otherwise rational citizens. Surely such a consummation should not be endangered by haste, even in view of the advantages to be derived from expedition, especially when we consider that the unfortunate controversy cannot probably be forced to the front in the pending campaign.

GOVERNOR MORTON'S DUTY.

It is stated on what appears to be good Republican authority that Governor Morton intends to decline a renomination for his present office. Whatever may be the Governor's reasons for coming to this conclusion, if the report be true, we think that good citizens of the State will desire him to change his mind—and this without regard to party differences or prejudices, because good citizens are interested in all parties to the extent at least of desiring them to nominate the best men possible.

It is true that Governor Morton owes nothing to the present Republican organization. Mr. Platt used his name for his own purposes, never expecting to secure his nomination for President, and never intending to make a serious effort in the Governor's behalf, while the delegate-at-large whom Mr. Morton himself selected, because he had confidence in the loyalty of his friendship, was the first to desert him. But, while the Governor has been the victim and dupe of a cynical boss and of a treacherous false friend, he owes something to the people of the State and to himself.

First, as to what he owes to himself: Mr. Platt fired his ambition to be President and made him his tool. So far as he yielded to Platt, Mr. Morton has not been an admirable Chief Executive of the State, while he has distinctly injured his reputation, which had been that of an honest gentleman sincerely desirous of performing in a creditable manner whatever public functions have fallen to his lot. There is little, if any, criticism to be made upon the manner in which he discharged the duties of Congressman, of Minister to France, and of Vice-President, whatever may be truly said as to his acquiescence in bad **methods, by means of which prominence in modern political parties, including nominations, is sometimes obtained.** But in the Governorship Mr. Morton seriously injured his reputation by more than once doing Mr. Platt's bidding. His ambition to be the Republican candidate for President led him into surrenders to the "boss" and the spoilsmen that tarnished his name and made it a less valuable heritage, and he ought to wish most earnestly for another term, during which he might regain the position which he has lost, and which would afford him the opportunity to terminate his public career with honor, instead of as a bondsman to the cunning "boss" who awakened in him a vain ambition in order that he might use him for his own purposes.

Mr. Morton also owes it to the State which has honored him to give it as good an administration as he is capable of. He has shown the possession of sufficient good qualities to warrant the belief that he can be an excellent Governor if he is not hampered and controlled as he has been during the last year. At least he can be, and doubtless would be, if he were re-elected, a much better Governor than any of the small creatures from among whom Mr. Platt is likely to select the Republican candidate if Mr. Morton persists in his declination. It is clearly his duty to save the State from such men as Speaker Fish, Senator Lexow, and Public Works Superintendent Aldridge, for the "boss" has brought the Republican party of New York to so low an estate that men like these are aspirants for the Governorship. The State has the right to ask Governor Morton to do his part in the effort to protect it from the humiliation that would follow the election of a Governor of such kidney.

EXPERT TESTIMONY IN CRIMINAL CASES.

Every one who knows anything at all about the matter is aware that the current method of bringing "expert" testimony into criminal cases in our courts is absurd to the last degree. The presumption of the law is that the expert is a *savant* peculiarly fitted to pass opinion on some pertinent subject which lies beyond the ken of the layman. He is supposed to elucidate the subject from the stand-point of science.

Such is the hypothetical expert. But the actual expert is often far different. He may or may not have high professional attainments; the one thing that he must have is the kind of self-possession that will withstand the embarrassing fire of cross-examination. He is retained and paid extravagant fees to appear as a bald partisan. It is desired of him not that he shall elucidate the truth, but that he shall mystify the jury. He is expected to flatly contradict other "experts," who in turn will as flatly contradict him. He knows that he will be subjected to hours of school-boy catechising, having no legitimate object, and forced to give categorical answers to hour-long hypothetical questions having little semblance of rationality. He knows, in short, that though put forward as a devotee of science, he will be expected to cast aside that love of impartial truth which is the very essence of science, prostituting his profession to sordid ends, and becoming a partisan advocate of one side of a mooted case whose merits he has no right to prejudge. He knows that he will be considered a successful witness in proportion not to the learning he manifests, but to the quickness of wit with which he parries the thrusts of the opposition, and the degree of firmness with which he contradicts the rival "experts."

Is it any wonder, then, that gentlemen of really high professional attainments are becoming more and more loath to appear as experts in our courts? Is it any wonder that expert testimony should sometimes be given by pretenders whose ignorance and bald partisanship excite the ridicule even of laymen? And was it not a natural culmination when it came to pass recently, in a noted case in this city, that a chief expert, on whose testimony a murder trial hinged, should be accused in open court of having "fixed" the evidence himself by sprinkling arsenic over the "exhibits" that were to have convicted the accused?

It is no part of our purpose to express an opinion as to the justice of this fearful accusation. Suffice it that the accusation was made, and that the jury did not disregard it. Whether true or false, the fact that such an accusation could be made with any show of reason whatever is a sufficient indictment against existing methods of expert testimony. The necessity for reform has hitherto been urgent; it is now imperative.

To be comprehensive, this reform must include not merely the method of introducing expert testimony, but the manner of selecting experts themselves. The law should explicitly define the qualifications of an expert; or, better yet, should provide for boards of official experts —say a board of Alienists, a board of Pathologists, and a board of Chemists, these being the three fields from which expert testimony is generally drawn. The required qualifications for service on these boards should of course be such as to insure the service of men of real expert knowledge. The essential point is that the boards, once selected, should have power to act in all criminal cases in which science can be expected to aid justice, their findings being laid before the jury not as partisan testimony, but as an impartial scientific judgment on matters of expert opinion, calculated to aid the jury in reaching an impartial verdict.

There is nothing impractical or visionary about such a suggestion as this. It is not even difficult of realization. And that it would facilitate the ends of justice is hardly open to question.

AMERICAN WHIST.

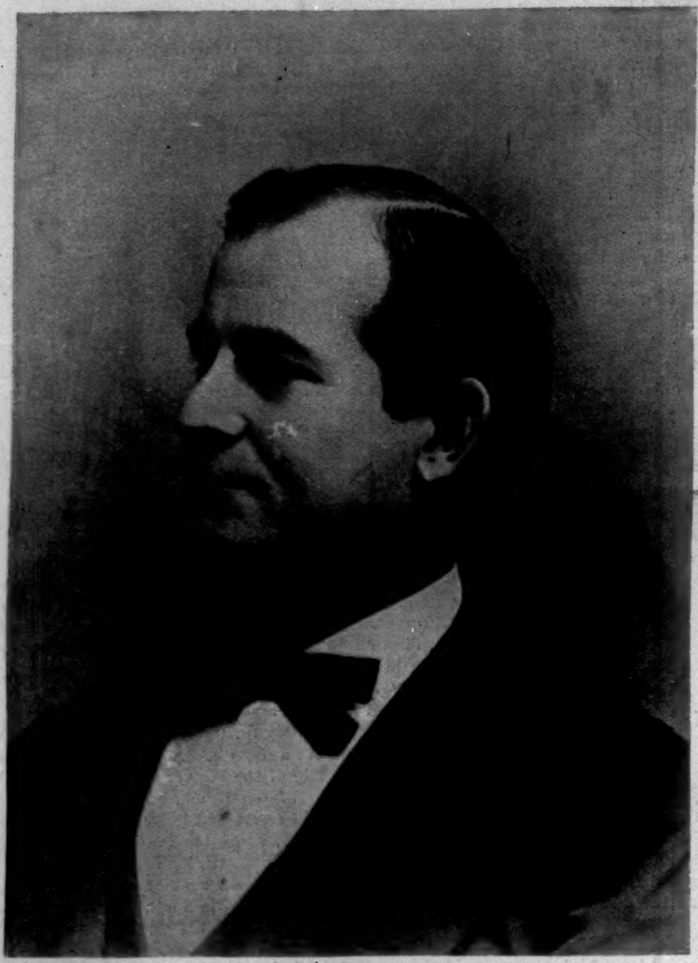
We are all agreed that the American intellect is a very effective utensil for the ordinary purposes of life. Foreign observers have been disposed to consider that it was not adapted so well to abstruse intellectual operations as to the solution of practical problems. The late Matthew Arnold gave it as his opinion that the American intellect was seen at its best in practical politics—by which, it is needless to say, he did not mean the Platt kind. "How clear the Americans see in politics!" he admiringly exclaimed in effect; "how straight they think!" If he were alive and here, can we imagine him observing of this flattering generalization that "the time gives it proof," while he regarded that remarkable collection of political clairvoyants and straight thinkers that has assembled at Chicago? But, as a matter of fact, the limitation implied in Arnold's praise is as unjust as that expressed in certain explicit European censures. The truth is that we are showing an increasing proficiency in forms of intellectual effort which demand that, instead of thinking straight, we shall think round a sharp corner and then zigzag. We may proudly boast that some of the most unintelligible works of recent psychology are of American origin, works of which the common straight thinker can make nothing whatever, not even if he read them backward, or upside down. We have lately had an interesting illustration of this, for has not the Weekly contained an authentic exposition of the latest development of American whist? The tortuous ingenuity of this game seems to have almost bewildered the most complicated of British whist-thinkers, who intimates that among the American "cranks" who play duplicate whist he feels rather like an amateur among professionals. American whist is a recreation only for those who go in for quaternions when they have a day off. A modern tournament recalls the ancient tale of the lawyer who, nettled by the apparent inattention of the bench, inquired whether it was the pleasure of the court that he should proceed, and received for answer, "Pleasure has long been out of the question, but you may proceed." The sub-echo; the three echoes; the "lead of an irregular card as a call for a trump through a turned-up honor"; the "lead of the fourth best from the king, jack, ten combination, in order to allow the ten to be led from queen, jack, ten, and thus avoid the present dual signification of the queen lead"—do not these things show that in circuitous thinking this new land is fast rivalling the most effete regions of the Old World?

MILITANT PATRIOTISM.

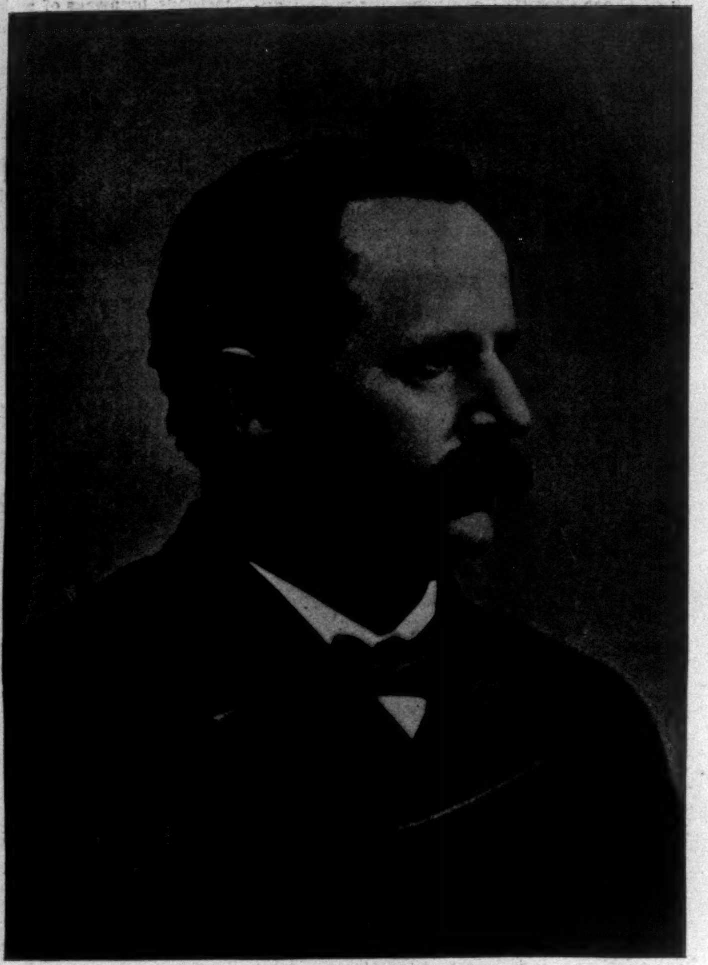
The admission of the Hon. George R. Peck, of Chicago, in an address to the students of Union College, that for his part he believed in a militant patriotism, has called out a good deal of criticism of the sort provoked by that Memorial-day address of Judge O. W. Holmes, which found its belated way into print late last fall. It seems an essential attribute of patriotism that it should be militant on occasion, but in most countries where patriotism exists the militant element is so sure to be present in it that it is safe and clearly expedient to take it for granted, for it commonly needs repression rather than encouragement.

A man who had undertaken a hard job, and was sometimes heated in spirit by the friction of it, was dealt with by a correspondent with wise words as to the inexpediency of ever getting angry. He said in reply: "I quite agree with you about losing one's temper. At the same time I don't know that I could get very far forward with such rough work as I have been doing if I did not possess the capacity to lose my temper. I don't think the capacity ought ever to be exercised, but it ought to be there all the same." Of course it should be there. A man without the capacity for righteous wrath is a defective creature. But wrath is more useful for the formation of a purpose than for the execution of it. Resolutions may be formed and burnt in by hot anger, but to carry them out takes a cool head. Lincoln, in his youth, raged at the sight of a slave auction in New Orleans, and swore to strike a blow at slavery if he ever got a chance. When the chance came he did strike the blow, but with the calmest deliberation. Lincoln is a most remarkable example of the man with the capacity for wrath who always kept his temper. Washington, with his great reserve of restrained force, seems almost hot-headed beside him, for Washington threw an inkstand (or some other missile) on one Revolutionary occasion, and swore with such energy on another that the joyful and resonant memory of his language has come down through four generations. But there seem to be no traditions about Lincoln's losing his temper. He had occasion often enough, but turned it to other account. Yet everybody knows he had his own way whenever he thought proper. Grant, too, was marvellously self-contained—as mild-mannered a man of battle as the world has ever seen.

The militant element in patriotism corresponds pretty closely to temper in a man. It must be there, for it is the exponent of force. But as temper is nothing but a hinderance to a man unless it is controlled and guided with sagacity, so the fighting spirit is a blemish and a danger unless the patriotism that is geared to it is long-suffering and long-headed. The shallow patriot loses his wind rushing to arms at the call of a sensational newspaper. The profounder patriot, the sort that college boys should be taught to emulate, is a forbearing citizen and a profoundly reluctant fighter; but when he does bring his howitzer out he enlists for the whole war.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.
Democratic Candidate for President.—From a Photograph by Bell.

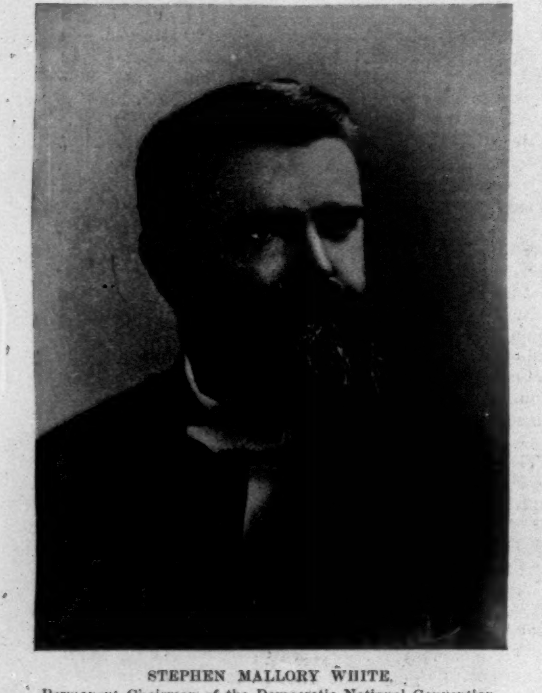


ARTHUR SEWALL.
Democratic Candidate for Vice-President.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

William Jennings Bryan, nominated for President on July 10 by the convention at Chicago, was born at Salem, Marion County, Illinois, on March 19, 1860, and is therefore thirty-six years old. Mr. Bryan's father was Silas L. Bryan, who was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, and who went to Illinois when he was eighteen years old. The father was elected State Senator, and in 1860 was a Circuit Judge, and became a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1870. Mr. Bryan senior was a lawyer of distinction and a good public speaker. He died some seventeen years ago.

William Jennings Bryan when a child was sent to the public schools in his own town of Salem, and afterwards to the Whipple Academy at Jacksonville. When he was fifteen he entered the Freshman class of the Illinois College, and graduated with distinction in 1881. Leaving Jacksonville, he studied law in the Union College of Chicago, and to acquire practical knowledge entered the office of Senator Lyman Trumbull. Having concluded his legal studies, he returned to Jacksonville and began business as a lawyer. In 1887 some legal matters in Nebraska requiring Mr. Bryan's personal attention he went there, and was so pleased with the State as to make up his mind to remain there. He then opened an office in Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska



STEPHEN MALLORY WHITE.
Permanent Chairman of the Democratic National Convention.
From a Photograph by Bell.

In 1888 Mr. Bryan may be said to have made his début in politics. He became a delegate to the Democratic State Convention which met at Omaha, and his duty was to select representatives to present the party at the National Convention at St. Louis. A speech of Mr. Bryan's at this time in opposition to the tariff attracted some notice. When the election took place Mr. Bryan entered heartily into the campaign, and stumped the State.

In 1888 the Democratic nominee had been defeated, and it was thought wise to introduce younger blood into the political arena. In 1890 Mr. Bryan was offered a nomination to Congress, and through his own personal exertions, it is said, won his seat. From the overwhelming defeat of the prior Democratic candidate, Bryan was elected by a majority of many thousands. When in Washington, during his first term of service, as a recognition of his services for tariff reform, Mr. Bryan was advanced to some prominence. Throughout the Fifty-second Congress, though the junior member in the House, Mr. Bryan was often to the front in his attacks on the tariff. When standing for election in the Fifty-third Congress, political feeling had somewhat changed in the State, and he was elected by but a scant majority.

Then Mr. Bryan became a free-silver advocate, and joined Mr. Bland, and perhaps, as a lieutenant, took the place of Mr. Pierce of Tennessee. In the prior Congress Mr. Bryan's silver proclivities, though evident, were not salient. Now he came somewhat more to the front. Tariff was in a measure now of secondary consideration. When there was an endeavor to repeal the Sherman silver coinage act, Mr. Bryan's speech was in the strongest opposition to it. This speech certainly attracted attention, and was endorsed by the entire silver party.

After this second term Mr. Bryan seemed in a measure to have retired from official politics. He returned to Nebraska, reopened his office, and was apparently anxious to obtain business. Very soon after his return home he became the editor of the *World-Herald* of Omaha. The main business of that paper was to advocate the free coinage of silver. Mr. Bryan was now distinctly in opposition to Mr. Cleveland. How it was is not exactly known, but it is believed that through some Republican efforts Mr. Bryan lost control of the newspaper. That was in 1894.

Mr. Bryan now devoted almost all his time and efforts to the advocacy of free silver. He was constantly on the wing speaking in its favor, and some of his latest oratory on his favorite topic, previous to the convention, was in Alabama, in the iron district there.

In all his recent speeches and utterances Mr. Bryan has declared himself as opposed to any compromise on the silver question. It is the free, unlimited coinage of both gold and silver, 16 to 1, indifferent to the wants or the requirements of the rest of the world, that Mr. William Jennings Bryan advocates.

Mr. Bryan is married, and his wife was admitted to the bar in 1888. There is some resemblance between the nominee and the late Samuel J. Randall, of Philadelphia. He stands 5 feet 10 inches in height, and has a good presence.

ARTHUR SEWALL.

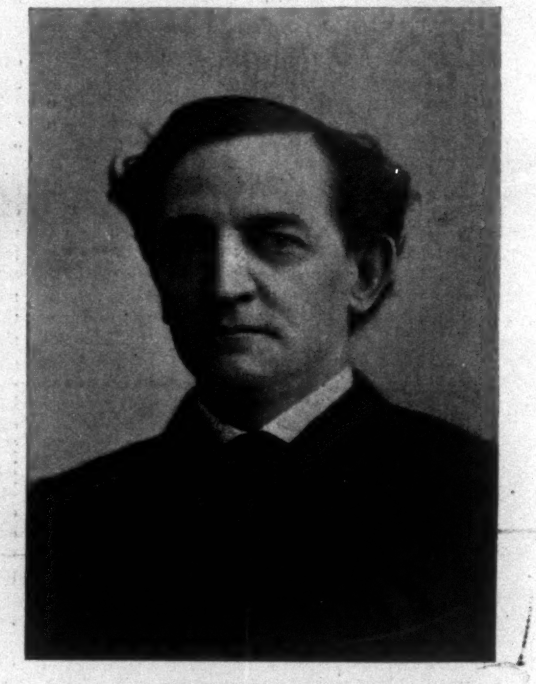
Arthur Sewall, nominee of the Chicago Convention for Vice-President, was born at Bath, Maine, November 25, 1835. The first Sewall came from Coventry, in England, to the American colonies in 1634.

The Bath Sewalls have been identified with ships and ship-building since 1823. Arthur Sewall received a school education, and after an apprenticeship in the ship-yard of his father, the late William D. Sewall, formed in 1854, with his brother Edward, the ship-building and commission firm of E. & A. Sewall. On the death of Edward Sewall, in 1879, the firm became the present house of Arthur Sewall & Co.

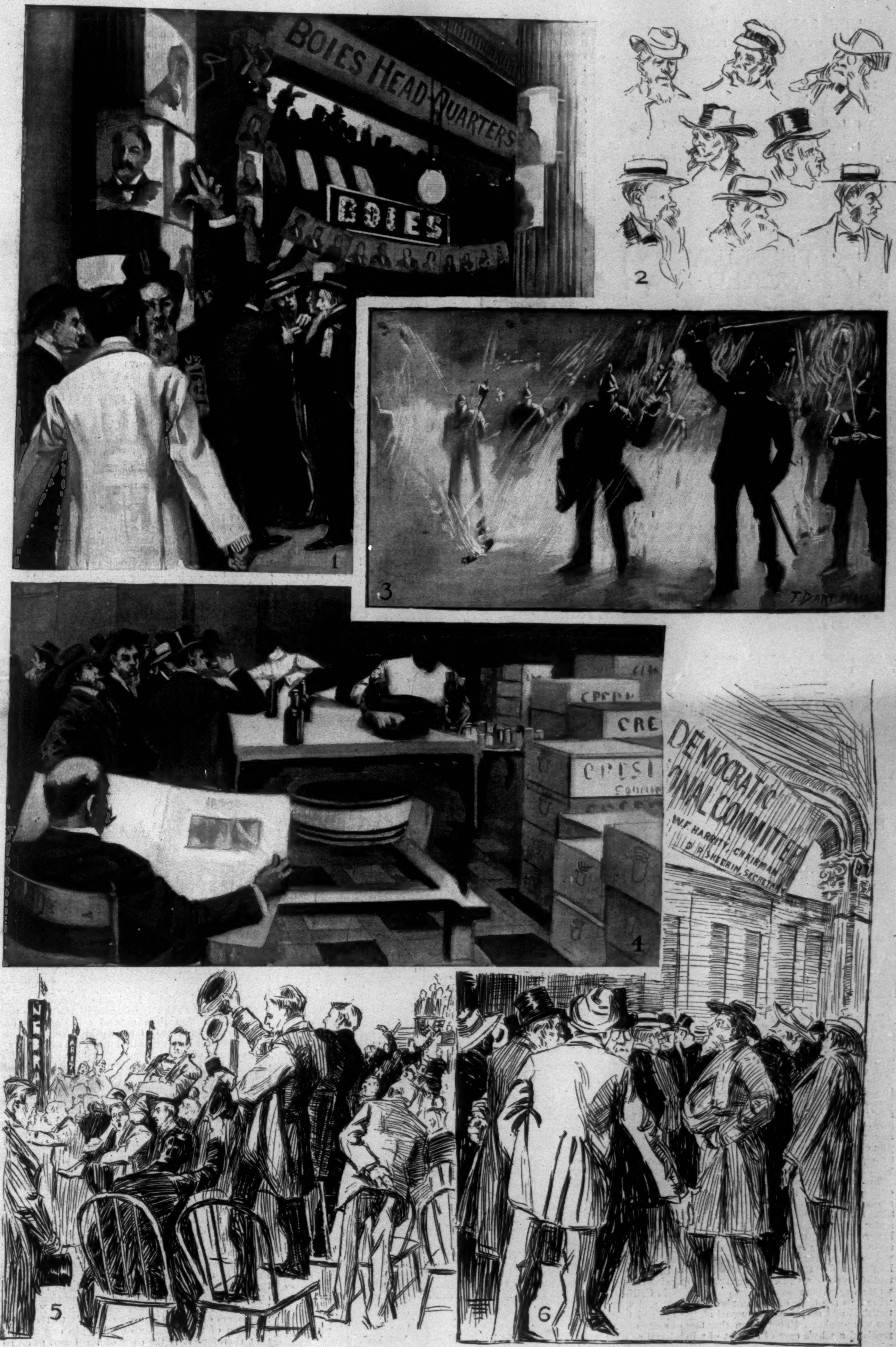
In all, ninety-seven wooden ships have been launched from the Sewall yard in seventy years, including the *Roanoke*, the largest wooden sailing ship afloat. Two years ago the firm began to equip its ship-yard with a plant for making the modern type of steel vessels.

Mr. Sewall has been a director of the Maine Central Railroad since 1875, and became its president, and president of the Portland, Mount Desert, and Machias steamboat company, in 1884. He has also been largely interested in the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe system. He is the president of the Bath National Bank.

In politics, Mr. Sewall has been a Democrat; but in 1895 he came out as an advocate of free silver. In 1893 he was a candidate for the United States Senate. Mr. Sewall is supposed to be a man of large means, carrying on a lucrative business. His adherence, then, to free silver and to the other curious features of the Chicago platform seems to be one of the anomalies of the situation.



JOHN WARWICK DANIEL.
Temporary Chairman of the Democratic National Convention.
From a Photograph by Bell.


BOIES HEAD-QUARTERS
BOIES
1
2
T. DART WALKER
3
CRE
4
DEMOCRATIC
NAL COMMITTEE
W.F. HARRITY, CHAIRMAN
S. P. SHEERIN, SECRETARY
5
6

SCENES AT THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 714.]

1. Discussing Gold and Silver in the Corridors of the Palmer House. 2. 16 to 1—A Study in Hats and Whiskers. 3. The Flambeau Marching Club of Topeka, Kansas—The Bland Demonstration, Monday Night, July 6. 4. California's Headquarters, where Native Wines and Waters were served to All Comers. 5. W. J. Bryan carried on the Shoulders of his Admirers after his Oration. 6. The Crowd outside the National Committee Rooms waiting anxiously for the Results of its Deliberations.

THE LABORER'S SOLILOQUY

ON A 200-CENT DOLLAR.

"Wharton Barker says the men who insist upon the gold standard want a 200-cent dollar."—*Exchange.*

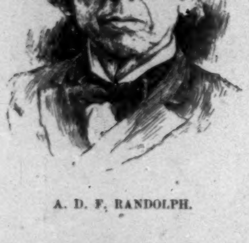
I HAVE few dollars—they are hard to get;
To earn but one takes time and toil; and yet
If, when I get it, what you say is true,
Am I defrauded when it turns to two?

Is this the bogie silver brawlers think
Will drive hard workers to despair or drink?
When its full truth once dawns upon the land
Where will be Altgeld, Tillman, Boies, and Bland?

JOEL BENTON.

THIS BUSY WORLD

IT is proposed to collect the materials for the history of Brooklyn. Few people know that Brooklyn has any history. The average citizen of New York, for example, supposes that after New York had been in active existence a century or two some one happened to look across the East River one clear morning and discovered a few frail wooden houses hugging the opposite shore. When the discoverer had leisure he rowed across to inspect them, and found them furnished with bunks and used for sleeping purposes by persons doing business in New York. Since then, according to the average New-Yorker's idea, the history of Brooklyn has been merely a tale of dormitories built for New-Yorkers to sleep in. It seems, though, that there is another opinion. The Society of Old Brooklynites insist that Brooklyn has a history, if it can only be discovered; and early last March it passed resolutions asking the Brooklyn Common Council to take measures to get together and preserve materials out of which such a history may be constructed. What is desired by the Old Brooklynites is such a work as has been done for New York by the publication of Valentine's Manual. They place the beginnings of Brooklyn as far back as 1623, and talk about the Indian war of 1655, when Lady Deborah Moody's men made a stand at Gravesend and saved the colony. They also talk of the battle of Long Island as being part of Brooklyn's history. There are a million people in Brooklyn now—very nearly as many as in Chicago or Philadelphia, and half as many as in New York. A city as big as that ought not to hesitate to have as good a history as money can buy or diligence collect.



A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

Anson Davies Fitz Randolph, who died July 6, was born in Westfield, New Jersey, in 1821, and came to New York when a small boy. His first city job was in a grocery, and it was not until 1841 that he got the first start in what was to be his life's work, by delivering books from place to place in a wheelbarrow for the American Sunday-school Union. Having made a beginning in the book business, he stuck to that vocation. In 1851 he started for himself as a bookseller and publisher at Broadway and Amity Street. He followed business step by step up town, moving successively to Ninth Street, to 900 Broadway, to West Twenty-third Street, and finally to Fifth Avenue. His success and high reputation in his business are matters of general and familiar knowledge.

Mr. Randolph's early education was haphazard and interrupted, but what he lost in schooling he made up by reading. He was a persistent and discriminating reader, and not only sold and published books, but wrote them himself. Several volumes of his poems have been published, and are well known.

"We take it for granted," says the type-written circular which the Adamant Manufacturing Company is sending to contemporary writers, "that if you are not a bicycle-rider it would be greatly to your benefit to become one. If you will write an article which would be worth $25, according to your usual rates, on any subject connected with bicycling, and bringing in the Adamant bicycle in particular, and will have it published in the best medium convenient to you for the purpose, we will allow you for this published article $25 on the price of any one of our Adamant bicycles, for your own use or of any member of your immediate family. Of course, if you can have your article published in some leading magazine or other periodical of the highest class, it would be worth more to us than $25."

This seems a reasonably good offer, but there are difficulties about it. In the first place, the price of the Adamant bicycles (of course Adamant is not the right name) is $100, and $25 off would leave the price still far too high for a struggling man of letters. In the next place, every publisher who is worth his salt knows an advertisement at sight whenever he sees it; and however adroitly the writer might work it in, the publisher would demand the lion's share of the proceeds. It is related (perhaps untruthfully) of Mr. C. D. Warner that he once inadvertently wrote a valuable recommendation of a certain Californian wine into the body of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and was astonished and somewhat dismayed at the appreciation of the wine-makers. There is another tale of some one who received a whole case of extract of witch-hazel as his reward for bringing the name of a well-known preparation into a story. But in both these instances the advertisement was a pure casualty, without purpose prepense. So it must be if it is to be mixed into literature at all. The advertising business is an excellent trade, and its alliance with letters is profitable to both; but the alliance should not be too close. "Next to reading matter" is as good a place as the advertiser can hope to get without taking publisher as well as writer into his confidence.

Dr. George T. Winston, late president of the University of North Carolina, has resigned that office, after five years of successful administration, to become the first president of the University of Texas. Texas is a bigger State than North Carolina, and ought no doubt in time to have a bigger State university. Nevertheless, Dr. Winston leaves an institution that had grown in five years under his charge from 198 students to 534, and which might well have tempted him to stay by it. Dr. Winston was born in Windsor, North Carolina, in 1852; was appointed to the Naval Academy, entered it in 1869, and took high rank in his class; but in 1871 resigned his commission, went to Cornell, graduated there in 1874 with high honors, and continued there for a year as instructor in mathematics. The next year he became Assistant Professor of Literature in the University of North Carolina, and was chosen President of it in 1891.

One would like to know more about Cadet Foy, of the third class at West Point, and whether he is a brute, or only an ill-advised young man with a defect in judgment. Foy is from Alabama. He is the cadet who was caught a fortnight ago hazing a plebe. The story is that it was a hot day; the plebe was dressed in thick clothes, and Foy was putting him through some very lively exercises in a tent. Happily he was observed by an officer, and, unhappily for Foy, just at the moment of detection his overdone plebe fainted from exhaustion. Cadet Foy was sentenced to close confinement for a year—a sentence which spoils his fun effectually for the next twelve months. To an outsider it seems as if any cadet who could abuse another as Foy abused his plebe must be a blackguard. That may not be so, however, for there are ins and outs of West Point custom that may make black white and white black.

Yale's experience at Henley is a good illustration of the difference between victory and success. Her men got a nice licking, ably administered, and manfully and honestly contested. Nevertheless, their trip was highly successful. Their behavior, and that of their coaches, managers, and abettors, seems to have been thoroughly sportsmanlike. There was no grumbling before their race, and no growling after it. Well done, sons of Eli! Better luck next time, perhaps, but not better conduct, and not, in the large sense, better success.

At its annual meeting, held in New York late last month, the National League of Mineral Painters resolved to hold its next exhibition from October 26 to November 1, at the Art Museum in Cincinnati. The league has determined that only those who follow its course of study may compete for its prizes, of which eight have been offered by donors in New York, and eleven by donors in Cincinnati.

It is a pleasant thing to have one's words treasured up against an emergency, but it seems very probable that Colonel Robert Ingersoll could spare without disturbance all overt appreciation of his well-known remarks about suicide. It must make the Colonel fidget when an unfortunate takes his life and leaves word, as Charles Ferron did last week, "I have read Robert Ingersoll's 'Is Suicide a Sin?' and according to that writer my deed is perfectly legitimate and excusable."

E. S. MARTIN.

M. G. Maspero lauds Mr. Flinders Petrie's discovery of the word "Ysiraal" in an inscription of Merenptah's. Maspero recalls the fact that in 1864 Chabas found in documents of the time of Ramses mention made of a people, the "Apauriou," and he drew the inference that "Apauriou" stood for Hebrew. This reading has not, however, been accepted. In the reign of Thotmes III. we do, however, come across such names as "Joshoup-ilou" and "Jakob-ilou." But whether they belonged to individuals or clans we cannot say. Nevertheless, they must be Semitic. It is highly probable that all the Jews did not leave Egypt at the time of the Exodus, because this would have been a physical impossibility. We do not know either when the Jews, with their Greek tendencies, first came to Alexandria. Professor Mahaffy shows conclusively that two or three centuries before Christ there were many Jews in Egypt outside of Alexandria. We know they were at Fayoum. There is a papyrus which refers to the Sabbathon (synagogue) of Aristippus, and we find also the names of "Jakoub" and "Danoul," the latter being Daniel. There is a court document, having to do with the ownership of a horse, in which Danool is the defendant. Unquestionably Mr. Flinders Petrie has given us the first positive clew to the Jew in contact with Egypt, some 1400 years before the birth of Christ.

A series of civil suits, brought by riparian owners against municipalities because of the emptying of the sewerage of cities into rivers, is of frequent occurrence to-day in New England, and it is satisfactory to learn that in the majority of cases the civil authorities are held to be culpable. There is something particularly selfish in the act of passing one's own filth on somebody else, and it is the more marked because certain municipalities are very careful not to derive their source of water from the streams which they themselves pollute. True civilization, which is nothing more than an appreciation of the rights of others, ought at once to settle this matter of river pollution, and legislation should make it unlawful for any municipality to soil the water which others drink. Whether it be the Hudson or the Connecticut river, indifferent as to size, the risks of contamination are always present. Just now at Albany typhoid seems to be on the increase, and there is every reason to suppose that the disease can be traced to the water.

B. P.

LONDON.

THE theatrical profession has lost its best friend and England her most popular entertainer by the death of Sir Augustus Harris. Every one is surprised to find that he was only forty-four. He crowded a marvellous amount of work into his short life. He was a capital actor, unsurpassable as a stage-manager, an effective writer of melodramas, a clever musician, an indefatigable sheriff, a generous employer, and one of the finest organizers ever seen. His word could be trusted absolutely; he had a kindly sympathetic nature, and few men, and still fewer women, ever had a grudge against "Druriolanus." He had a positive passion for work. It was nothing to him to manage Drury Lane and Covent Garden, a music-hall or two, four theatres, half a dozen travelling companies, a few skating-rinks, and some odd shows, as the gigantic Olympia. He would have been bored almost to death with less than that to do; for though he posed somewhat as a highly cultivated connoisseur, devoted to art for art's sake, he was *au fond* a showman and nothing else. "I like to have the best of everything," he used to say; "the best art, the best books, the best drama, the best music." When he said the best he meant the most gorgeous. His mission in life was to out-Barnum Barnum. Had it been necessary he would have turned Shakespeare into a pantomime, the Oberammergau Passion Play into a Drury Lane melodrama. I am sure the happiest moments of his life were when, each Christmas-time, in the middle of one of his dazzling pantomimes, he came forward—a bald, stoutish man, looking ludicrously like the Prince of Wales—to receive the thunderous congratulations of the entire house. There will be a good deal of curiosity concerning his will. Nobody ever knew—probably Sir Augustus himself was as ignorant as the rest—how much or how little he was worth. For money as money he cared nothing; he never gave himself time to enjoy it. Augustus Harris died long ago—it was the manager, the entrepreneur, that they buried the other day, crushed to death by the worry of the enormous undertakings he had in hand. Peace to his ashes! There are few men whom England could so ill have spared.

S. B.

PARIS.

THE system employed by the French government for covering the expenses of the exhibition of 1889 proved such a success, financially, that it has been decided to adopt the same course for the coming exhibition of 1900. This system consisted in the issue of lottery bonds with entrance tickets to the exhibition attached. On the 29th of the present month 8,250,000 lottery bonds for the exhibition of 1900 are to be issued, the value of each $4, with twenty entrance tickets attached to it. These tickets cover the value of the bonds, but to the happy possessor their great attraction lies in twenty-nine lottery drawings, which are to take place between the years 1896 and 1900, inclusively. At the first of these, in August of the present year, the highest prize is $100,000; others follow in September, October, November, and December, in which the highest prize figures at $20,000. During each of the following years, including the exhibition year, there are to be six drawings, with one prize of $100,000 and five at $20,000 as highest drawings. In addition to this, arrangements are to be made by which owners of bonds are to be transported, either by rail or steamboat, to the exhibition at inferior rates, and are also to obtain admission to many of the spectacles in the interior of the exhibition at reduced prices. With these attractions, and given the well-known gambling instincts of the nation, the government hopes to insure the same brilliant success as that which crowned its previous effort.

The celebrated composer Verdi has deposited a sum of 80,000 lire at the Bank of Milan, which is to defray the first expenses of a home for distressed musicians. He has engaged to make three more deposits of similar value for the completion of this edifice and for its subsequent maintenance. At his death and after the death of Madame Verdi the bulk of his fortune is bequeathed to this institution, which is to bear his name. The brother of the famous Boito, author of *Mefistofele*, who wrote the librettos of *Falstaff* and *Otello*, is to be employed as architect.

F.

CHICAGO.

ONE of the most interesting things in the history of Illinois is the struggle that took place, in the thirties and forties, between the advocates of the township and county systems of local government. The early settlers of the State, coming from Kentucky and Virginia, brought with them the county system characteristic of the South, while the later arrivals, moving westward from New York and New England, introduced the township organization of the East. The two systems were thus in operation side by side, and their respective partisans compromised on the basis of a provision for local option, which was, perhaps, the most distinctive feature of the Constitution of 1848. Since that time natural selection has declared emphatically in favor of the township idea, and four-fifths of the counties have organized under the township system. The wisdom of this is unquestionable as far as all of the counties but one are concerned; but that one, which includes the city of Chicago, is rapidly reaching the conclusion that the township system has served its purpose, and ought to be replaced by a less cumbersome arrangement. Of course the municipality has long since taken over most of the functions once performed by the included towns, but the whole machinery of taxation remains a town affair, and the rivalries of assessors have made of our taxation a scandalous failure. As the real value of property has increased, the assessed value has declined, until the city has found itself in severe straits for its revenue. The question of abolishing the town organization of Cook County is now being seriously agitated, and there is little doubt that it should be done. But this agitation raises the very nice legal question of whether the local-option provision of the Constitution is operative both ways—that is, whether a county, having once adopted township organization under that provision, may, of its own motion, undo the work. No less an authority than Chief-Justice Fuller, in an opinion given twenty years ago, has said that a county has this power. "I have no doubt," the opinion runs, "that under the existing Constitution and laws of this State the power is vested in the Board of Commissioners of Cook County to submit to the people the question of the abolition of township organization, and that therefore it is the duty of the board to do so upon proper application." Such an application, in the form of a petition to the board, is now being circulated, and report has it that signatures are being given enthusiastically and in great numbers.

When Professor Jebb visited this country in 1892, he came to Chicago for two or three days, and I had the pleasure of taking him over the grounds of the University of Chicago, thinking it might interest him to see how a university looks in its beginnings. Two or three of the buildings had been started at that time, but not one was completed. As the distinguished visitor climbed through the windows of the half-finished structures, and looked upon the surrounding chaos of building material, he could not help thinking of his own Cambridge quadrangles, with their stately old architecture and wild repose, and he expressed in more ways than one his sense of the startling contrast. A visitor to the same scene in the present year of grace would get a very different impression, for there now stands upon the campus a group of noble buildings to the number of eight or ten, similar in architectural style, and disposed in accordance with a comprehensive plan, of which some suggestion is already given, although the gaps are still far more numerous than the places filled. A visitor during the opening days of the present month saw, besides the buildings, the huge circus tent provided for certain of the exercises connected with the most important celebration thus far held by the university—the Quinquennial Convocation, and the graduation of the first class of students that have taken their full four years of work in Chicago. Besides these interesting occurrences, the celebration, which lasted four days, was marked by the formal dedication of the Oriental Museum given to the university by Mrs. Haskell, by the corner-stone exercises in connection with the group of four biological buildings that are to result from the munificence of Miss Helen Culver, and by the presentation to the university, on Independence day, of a national flag, the gift of the First Regiment of the Illinois National Guard. Other interesting features of the week were two presentations (in the Hebrew language and Oriental costume) of the synagogue service of the times of Christ, various special conferences of educators, and the addresses of such men as Dr. George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, Professor Goodale, of Harvard, and Professor Moses, of Berkeley. Of quasi-academic interest, also, were the three games of baseball, played on the university field, by the nines of Brown and Chicago, which resulted in a very close victory for the visiting team.

Interesting as the above happenings were, it is probable that the visit of Mr. Rockefeller to the university attracted more attention than anything else. It was the first time that he had seen the institution that his millions have called into existence, and the first time that he had been seen by most of the faculty and students. That he was given an enthusiastic welcome goes without saying. At Convocation the students frequently broke in upon the proceedings with the special yell of the day:

> "Who's the fellow? Who's the fellow? Siz! Boom! Bah!
> Rockefeller, he's the fellow. Rah! Rah! Rah!"

The glee club contributed to the programme with a song having the following chorus:

> "John D. Rockefeller, wonderful man is he,
> Gives all his spare change to the U. of C.
> He keeps the ball a-rolling in our great 'varsity.
> He pays Dr. Harper to help us grow sharper,
> For the glory of U. of C."

Presently Mr. Rockefeller was prevailed upon to say a few words, and showed himself an unconscious humorist by remarking, "The good Lord gave me the money, and how could I withhold it from Chicago?" He said that the university was the best investment he had ever made, and added, "It is but a beginning"—a sentiment which was greeted with prolonged and frantic applause. When he could again make himself heard he finished the sentence —"and you are going on to complete the work," which very neatly turned the joke upon the audience. It was, of course, a foregone conclusion that the university would be pleased to meet its founder face to face, but it was to many an unexpected pleasure to find in him a man so quiet and unobtrusive in bearing, so tactful in manner and happy in his occasional utterances, so genuinely gratified at sight of the buildings and grounds and at the cordiality of his welcome. W. M. P.

PHILADELPHIA.

SOME years ago a newsboy, in getting off a car of the old Philadelphia Traction Company, met with an accident, for which he sued the company and secured $20,000 damages. After that, and up to the present time, no newsboys have been permitted to board the cars of this or any of the other companies. The Union Traction Company, controlling all the lines except the Hestonville, has determined, however, to give a fair trial to a new experiment, an arrangement having been made whereby the uniformed boys of the Union News Company are permitted to vend newspapers, weeklies and light literature, and magazines on the trolley-cars. If after a month or two the arrangement is found to be satisfactory it will be made permanent.

Now that the city offices have all removed from the State House on Chestnut Street, that historic building will be restored to its ancient condition, Councils having appropriated a sufficient sum to remove the various one-story additions and connecting links erected from time to time to accommodate the city's business. After this work is completed the old Senate House at the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets will stand as it did a hundred years ago; so will the Supreme Court building at the corner of Fifth Street. This will leave the old State House standing as during Revolutionary times. The next step to be taken by the city in the proposed restoration of Independence Square will be the removal of the County Courthouse on Sixth Street below Chestnut, now occupied by the University of Pennsylvania Law School.

The citizens of Philadelphia have been treated to a most acrimonious discussion as to the duties of judges in relation to liquor licenses. From the judges of the Common Pleas, under the Brooks High License Law, is constituted the License Court, which this year was composed of Judges Wilson and Bregy. They refused to renew the licenses of several notorious saloons (which were generally supposed to have strong political pulls), on the evidence of violations of the law presented by the Law and Order Society. Many prominent politicians testified for the saloon-keepers, but all to no avail. Upon the announcement of the decisions, the attorneys for the unfortunate (*sic*) saloon-keepers, who "had invested the savings of a lifetime to provide refreshment for the wayfarer," applied for a rehearing, which, unexpectedly to the general public, was granted. At the rehearing the Law and Order Society refused to present any more evidence, maintaining that they had made out their case at the first hearing. The saloon-keepers brought up plenty of men who testified as to their respectability, but did not rebut the evidence as to the violations of the law. Licenses were granted to three of the more notorious applicants. Thereupon the prominent members of the Law and Order Society criticised the judges in unmistakable terms, alleging that political influence had been all-powerful, and since then the various ministerial organizations have followed in the same line. Altogether the judges have been placed in an unenviable position, and finally a tart reply has been elicited from Judge Wilson, to which the Rev. Dr. Wills has sent a rejoinder, and the end is not yet. Several of the more prominent and influential newspapers have supported vigorously the Law and Order officials and the ministers. C. R. W.

BOSTON.

SOME very candid remarks were made recently by a well-known Catholic priest of Cambridge, Massachusetts. He took occasion, while addressing a Protestant anti-license society, to denounce certain Catholic associations, which are in effect, he declared, political clubs masquerading under the guise of religious bodies. He alluded in particular to one such association as having a politician at its head, and for its "tail" a "spiritual dummy"—who, by-the-way, is one of his fellow-priests. These remarks should perhaps have been addressed to a Catholic rather than to a non-Catholic audience, but they are significant of that liberalizing spirit which is not infrequently found in the American branch of the Catholic Church, and which may be expected to become more frequent and more pronounced as the earlier generation of priests pass away and their places are taken by native-born citizens of the United States.

A great stir has been made among Massachusetts politicians by the defection of Mr. George Frederick Williams from "gold" to "free silver." He was chosen a delegate to the Chicago Convention upon the understanding that he was for gold, and this change of view was not announced till a few days before the delegates left Boston. Mr. Williams was a prominent mugwump, and he served one term in Congress as a Democrat. He is an eloquent speaker, a man of much energy and courage, and he has been very prominent as a reformer. His change of mind may have been sincere, but it came at an unfortunate moment. He explained his position by saying: "The time has come for a great popular uprising. . . . Under our present monetary system the Belmonts and the Morgans can create a panic, and, on Mr. Morgan's own admission, they threatened Mr. Cleveland with one, and forced him to buy gold. . . . It is time that there was a change in our financial policy and that their power was broken"; and Mr. Williams declared that he should be found "in the party ranks, battling for the cause of the people against plutocracy."

But why did he not discover all this before? The fact probably is not that Mr. Williams is wilfully and consciously a turncoat, but that, being an ambitious man, very confident of his own good intentions, and somewhat hasty, he has persuaded himself that the path of seeming self-interest is also, for him, the path of duty. He has shown now and again a want of humor; and people who are deficient in this sense and deficient in self-knowledge not infrequently commit the most vicious acts with the most astonishing assumption of virtue. The conversion of Mr. Williams is more interesting as a psychological than as a political event.

To those who stood beside the grave of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the little cemetery on Andover Hill in Massachusetts, it seemed, when the earth fell upon her coffin, as if the classic era of American literature came abruptly to an end. She was the last conspicuous member of a family whose name is written deeply in the history of this country, and the last of that group of authors who have made the literary reputation of New England —one might almost say of the United States. Her body lies between that of her husband, the Rev. Dr. Calvin E. Stowe, who died nine years ago, at the ripe age of eighty-five, and that of her eldest son, a student in Dartmouth College, who was drowned in the Connecticut River thirty-nine years ago.

The Summer School at Harvard University has just opened, under what are usually called "favorable auspices." The attendance is very large, being nearly if not quite seven hundred. Most of the students are teachers, who take this opportunity to increase their efficiency, and the courses of study are designed especially for their benefit, the subjects being such as these: education and teaching; the teaching of physical science; the teaching of English; rational *vs.* empirical geography. One of the most interesting courses will doubtless be that upon the fine arts in elementary education, by Professor Charles Eliot Norton. Many persons in Boston who are not otherwise members of the school have arranged to take this course. Professor William James will lecture upon a topic particularly appropriate for a summer school, namely, "psychology and relaxation."

Some old-fashioned persons might think that these hard-worked school-teachers—for all teachers are hard-worked —would be better off catching fish in mountain streams, or lying on the sands of the sea-shore and throwing pebbles into the surf, or getting wholesome exercise out of a bicycle or a tennis racquet.

But in these days of high pressure such reckless conduct is not to be hoped for. Some consolation, however, may be gathered from the fact that the Harvard Summer School is a "co-ed" affair—teachers, male and female, sit cheek by jowl in the lecture-rooms. A local paper states that these students "do not care much for boating and tennis, but take their exercise chiefly in long walks to objects of literary and historical interest." This opens a door to romance. There must be many a pretty Yankee school-marm, many a pale intellectual youth, in attendance at the school, who will make these excursions in company, and after they have exhausted the "objects of literary and historical interest," as the term draws to a close, they may agree, like the lovers described by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, to take "the long walk together," and thus to become graduates of that Summer School which Dame Nature herself conducts without the aid of lecture-rooms or laboratories.

The election of Harvard overseers always excites a muttered criticism, which this year has found a voice in the Boston papers. It is said, and with much truth, that scholarship has no representative on the board, and if literature is recognized there, the recognition is but scanty. The fact is that the overseers, though elected by the *alumni*, are almost invariably the kind of men who find their most appropriate place as directors in banks, treasurers of manufacturing corporations, and trustees of railroad mortgages. The selection of such men has been defended by some graduates on the ground that they give money to the university, and procure others to give it, and that this is the chief function of an overseer. Graduates who take a different view of an overseer's duty, and who are not quite satisfied with the commercial theories upon which the university is conducted, have endeavored from time to time, but usually without success, to obtrude upon the overseers a different element. The name of that brilliant scholar Dr. William Everett has been proposed, but he has never been elected. More recently Mr. John E. Hudson, the president of the Bell Telephone Company, a lawyer by profession, the first scholar in his class, if we do not mistake, and a man of wide reading, was suggested to the electors, but he was not chosen. Destiny—or the *alumni*—seems to have settled upon a particular type of man for overseer, and one could predict with substantial accuracy the clubs to which he will belong, the papers which he will and the books which he will not read. He has his value as a solid figure on State Street, as an ornament to Beacon Street, as a pillar of some fashionable, or at least ultra-respectable, church; but he belongs to that class—the aristocracy of America—which was once described as being composed of "persons who have never blacked their own boots, and who cannot quite sympathize with those who do so." If only an element of the bizarre, or at least of the unconventional, could be introduced into the board; if somebody could be put there who had a touch of imagination, or a love of learning, or a respect for unremunerative scholarship, or—let us not be too exacting—a taste for reading, how wholesome might be the effect! H. C. M.

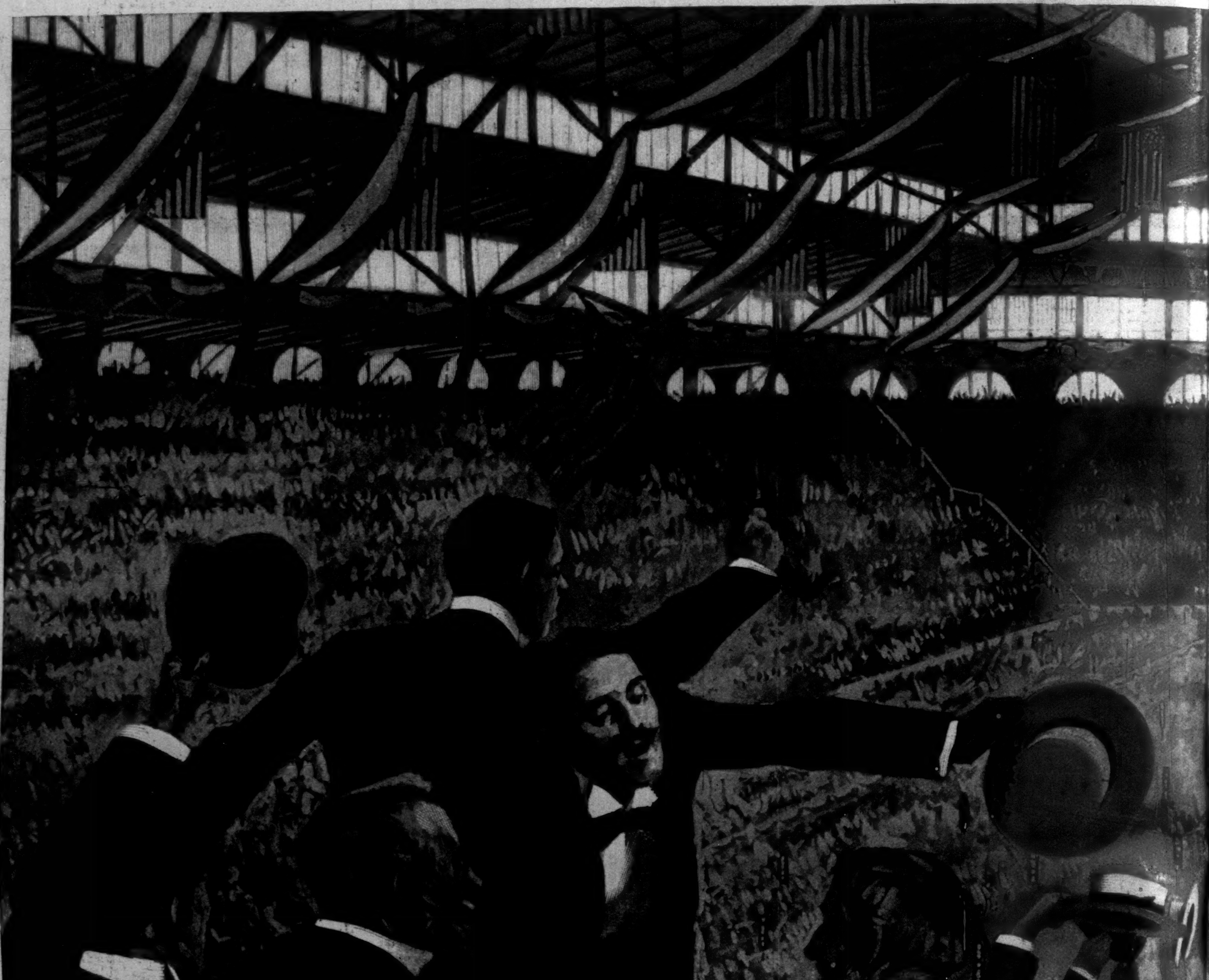
NEW ORLEANS.

LOUISIANA has decided to make January 19, General Robert E. Lee's birthday, a public holiday. The idea of observing a special day in commemoration or memento of the Southern Confederacy was proposed only a few years ago, but it has met with universal favor through the South. A convention of Confederate veterans suggested June 3 as a proper holiday, it being the birthday of "President" Jefferson Davis, the head and front of "the lost cause." But the people seem to take a different view of the matter, and to have selected a different hero. Only one State, Florida, has accepted the suggestion of the veterans and made June 3 "Confederate day," while Louisiana is the fifth to select Lee's birthday instead; and this selection is the more marked because Jefferson Davis was well known in New Orleans, was a frequent resident here, and his permanent home, Beauvoir, is practically a suburb of the city. Louisiana's action has probably settled the matter, and "Confederate day" will commemorate Lee instead of Davis as the ideal Southern hero.

A new battalion of militia a week is now the average in New Orleans, without including the Naval Reserve, which is growing up like Jonah's gourd. The latest company is one of Scotch Highlanders, with kilts and philibegs and a band of bagpipers. In the past twelve months the militia has been called out for active service half a dozen times, and more than once for dangerous service in St. John, St. Landry, and particularly in New Orleans during the levee riots. As is usual when the militia does so much work, the Legislature is providing for it handsomely this year, and the large appropriation has had the usual result of calling out new battalions. When all the new companies are sworn into the service, there will be just twice as many men as a year ago, with the corresponding increase in the martial ardor of the population. The trouble in the past has been that the ardor has lasted only two or three years.

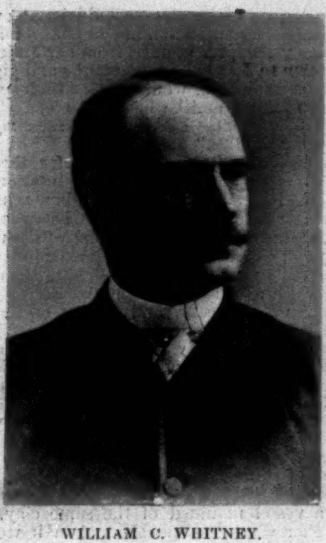
Tulane University is to go into the excavating business in conjunction with the Louisiana Historical Society, but near home, and not abroad. Heretofore the examination of Indian tombs in Louisiana has brought to light only a few arrow-heads and tomahawks; but such excavations as have so far been made by Professor Bayli of the Catahoula mounds, which it is now proposed to examine, promise much richer results. The men buried in these mounds are certainly not of the same race or civilization as those Indians the early French explorers met in Louisiana, and are either of a prehistoric race or an offshoot from the more civilized tribes of Mexico and Central America. It is thought that the investigation will explain the mystery of the Natchez Indians of early times, so different in race, language, and religion from the surrounding tribes. This is the first time that Tulane has branched out into investigations and excavations, and it hopes to secure returns that will do credit to its enterprise.

The United States man-of-war *Raleigh*, which slipped up to New Orleans a few days ago, gave the city a surprise with its search-light, one of the most powerful in the navy, and greatly puzzled and disturbed those who did not go to the Chicago Exposition or failed to see the search-lights there. A number of "back-of-town" residents brought in, the first night, sensational reports of a very peculiar and brilliant light which they had observed in various places, even on the prairies and swamps around the city. Mr. Pickwick's scientific old gentleman who discovered the meteor at Bristol was not half as much surprised as hundreds of Orleanians at this altogether unexpected electric light. N. W.

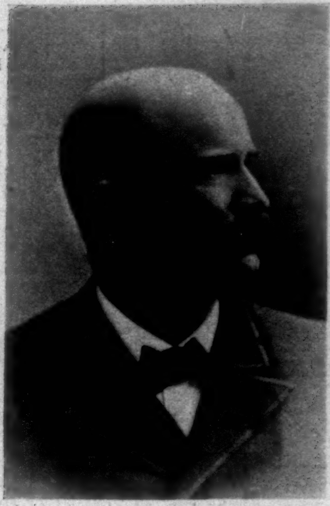


THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—SENATOR DAVID B. HIL

HILL SPEAKI

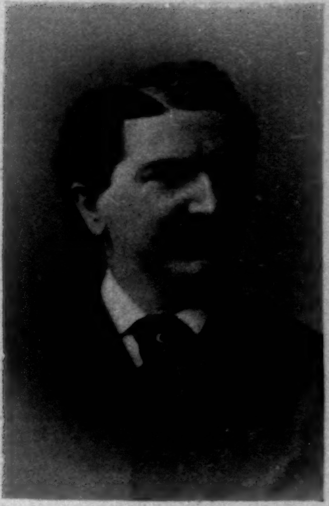


WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.



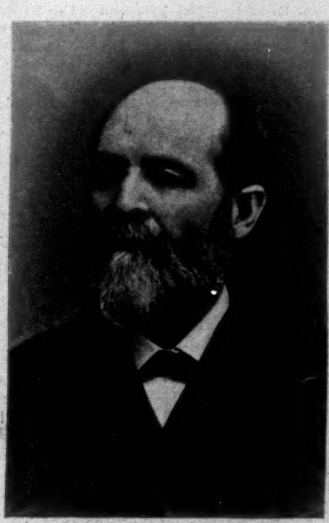
SENATOR DAVID B. HILL.

EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.



WILLIAM F. HARRITY.
Chairman of Democratic National Committee.
From a Photograph by Gutekunst.

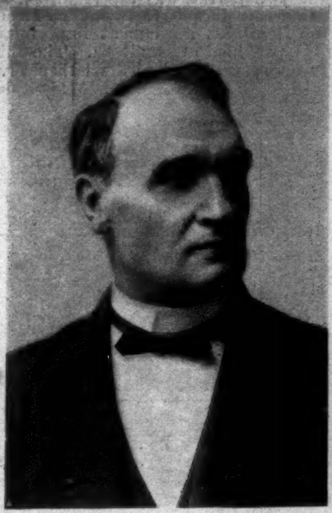
SENATOR BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN.
From a Photograph by Bell.



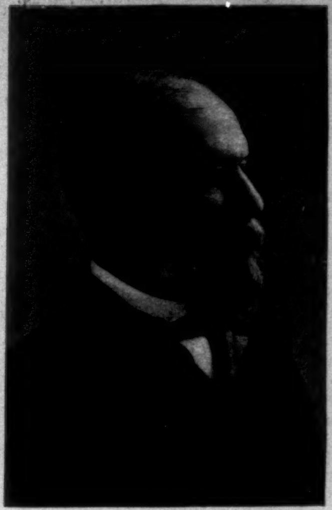
RICHARD P. BLAND.
From a Photograph by Bell.

EX-GOVERNOR HORACE BOIES.

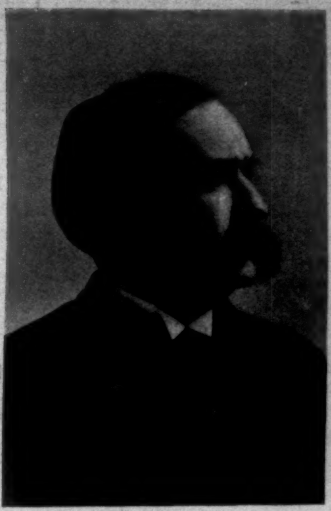
GOVERNOR JOHN P. ALTGELD.



SECRETARY JOHN G. CARLISLE.
From a Photograph by Bell.

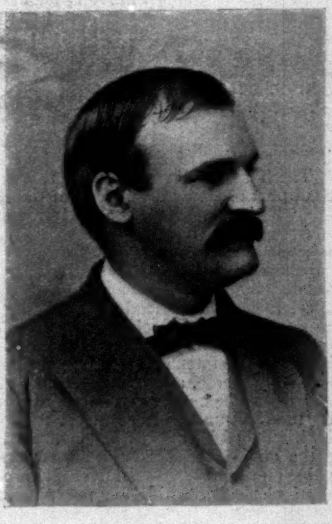


SENATOR WILLIAM F. VILAS.

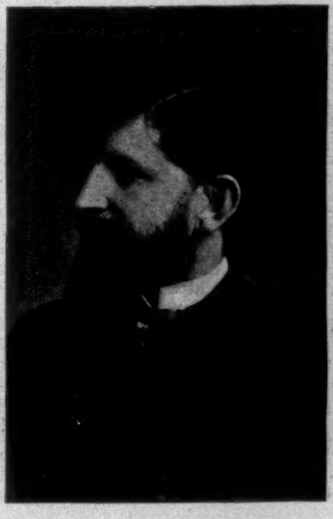


SENATOR GEORGE GRAY.
From a Photograph by Bell.

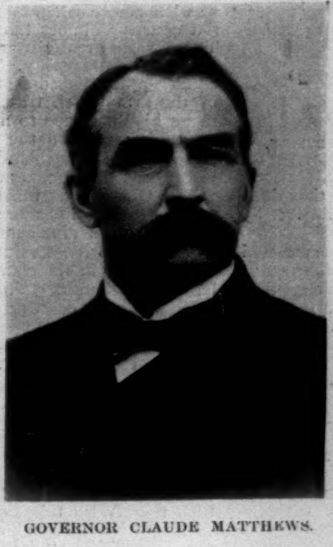
WILLIAM R. MORRISON.



EX-GOVERNOR ROBERT E. PATTISON.



SENATOR CALVIN S. BRICE.
From a Photograph by Bell.



GOVERNOR CLAUDE MATTHEWS.

SENATOR ARTHUR P. GORMAN.

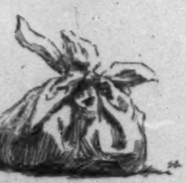
THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION, CHICAGO—SOME PROMINENT PARTY LEADERS.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

THE KHODYNSKY PLAIN DISASTER.

A NUMBER of explanations have been attempted to account for the terrible tragedy which occurred on the Khodynsky Plain, near Moscow, on the morning of May 30, when over three thousand Russians were crushed to death in a panic, but of all these speculations it is probable that the simplest has come nearest to the truth. Up to date no exact statement has been printed in this country of the conditions which made it possible for such loss of life to occur, but with the accompanying diagram and a description sent by one who was present in Moscow at the time of the catastrophe, and who visited the field on the following day, these conditions are made perfectly clear.

Roughly described, the Khodynsky Plain consists of a flat stretch of ground varying from fifty to seventy-five yards in width, running alongside of which is a sort of broad ravine some five or six yards deep, which has been made by digging away sand used in the construction of Moscow's streets. The sides of this ravine are steep, and the ditch itself is about a hundred feet wide, resembling a dry river-bed. On the other side of the depression is the site of an exhibition which was held in 1891, and there two deep wells were dug at the time, and were afterwards covered with boards and a thin layer of earth. Some hundred and fifty booths were built parallel to this ravine and about thirty yards away from it. These shanties were separated from one another by a space of about six feet, and made a sort of barrier along that side of the Plain. Here were stored the thousands of bundles which were to be distributed to the people. In each bundle there was a piece of cake, a bag of candy, a goblet bearing the Czar's monogram, and a sausage, the total value of which was perhaps twenty-five cents. These bundles were to be distributed through little windows in the sides of the booths, and the plan was to have the populace pass between the shanties from the Plain, where they were gathered, each man receiving his bundle as he passed a window.

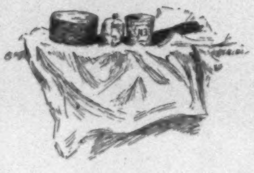
The crowd began to gather on the Khodynsky Plain as early as Friday, May 29, many of the people coming hundreds of miles from their homes. A rumor, which it was found impossible to down, had been circulated that the Czar would give a cow or a horse to every Russian present, and as a result thousands of peasants brought ropes and halters along with them. Besides these country folk there was the rabble from Moscow, hundreds of criminals that had just been pardoned by the Czar and turned out of prison, and any number of thieves and thugs, which such an occasion naturally attracts.



THE BUNDLE OF RATIONS.

The authorities had thought that it would be best to make no show of military or police force on the Plain, so that the people might feel more free to indulge in the games and sports that were being provided for them; and consequently only a small number of officers were stationed there, and these were drawn up as a sort of cordon within a few yards of, and along a line parallel to, the distributing booths. This cordon was established on Friday night, and by that time there were from thirty thousand to fifty thousand people gathered on the Plain. The distribution of presents had been announced to begin at ten o'clock on Saturday morning. Toward dawn several companies of firemen, with their engines and ladder-wagons, were sent out from Moscow, to be present in case fire should occur in the wooden shanties. As the firemen passed along the line of booths they called out to the men inside to give them their packages, claiming that they as well as the crowd had a right to the Czar's bounty, and stating that their duties later in the day would prevent them from falling in line to receive the gifts. The distributers, most unfortunately, acceded to these demands, and tossed out bundles to the firemen.

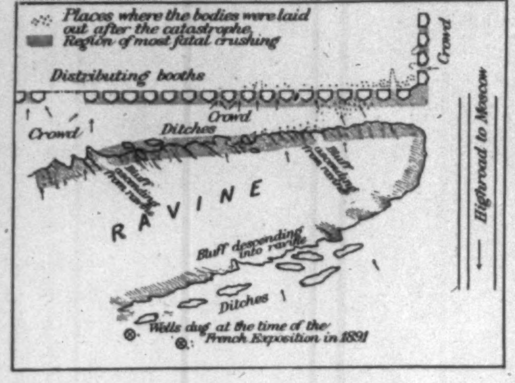
When the people in the front ranks of the vast swarm that stood on the Plain and stretched for half a mile back across the ravine saw this they expostulated, and claimed that they had been waiting almost two days for their presents, and clamored for the distribution to begin at once. Those in the front ranks became unruly, and were soon ungovernable. Those behind, hearing a commotion, tried to move closer to the booths, and in a few moments the police were utterly unable to manage the thousands in front of them. It was just getting daylight, and those in the rear, who knew that the distribution was not to begin until ten o'clock, but who could tell from the yells of those in front that something was happening, made efforts to close up, in order that they might see what was going on. The men inside the booths lost their heads, and supposed that they could put a stop to the excitement by throwing out a few bundles to appease those in the front ranks. No sooner had they done this than the cordon of police was swept off its feet by the crowd, and the catastrophe had begun.



CONTENTS OF THE BUNDLE.

The dashing of the front ranks into the booths started the onward motion of the vast throng, and as the people stampeded down the banks of the ravine and struggled to climb the opposite embankment, loud cries of fear and pain were heard from those in the very middle of the throng. The great weight of humanity had broken through the thin covers over the two old wells already mentioned, and as those further in the rear surged forward they swept others into these deep holes, where five or six hundred people met their death from suffocation. Not until these wells were filled with human bodies even with the surface of the Plain did this terrible incident come to a close.

The position of the booths had been chosen, from its slight eminence in the Plain over the ravine, with the idea that it would be safer for the crowd to advance slowly up an incline. The result was just the opposite. The downward rush into the ditch caused but few victims, but the ascent was as murderous as the storming of a fortress. Men, women, and children were crushed in the crevices and inequalities of the rising ground and trodden down. Whoever stumbled was lost. Whoever tried to step over a fallen one found himself borne down by the thousands behind him. Like drowning people, those who had fallen grabbed at the legs and feet of the others, and those who still maintained their upright position fought and kicked against them in order to save themselves. As the crowd became jammed up against the booths, men and women were piled one on top of another, just as the water of a torrent heaps itself up against the piers of a bridge. Young men who were stronger than their fellows climbed upon the shoulders and heads of their neighbors, and scrambled to the edge of the seething mass in this way.


Places where the bodies were laid out after the catastrophe
Region of most fatal crushing
Distributing booths
Crowd
Crowd
Crowd
Ditches
Bluff descending from ravine
Bluff descending from ravine
RAVINE
Bluff descending into ravine
Ditches
Wells dug at the time of the French Exposition in 1891
Highroad to Moscow

PLAN OF THE KHODYNSKY PLAIN.

The greatest mortality occurred between the booths and the ravine. There were almost three thousand bodies reported in the official count, and of these only thirteen hundred were identified. In most every instance death was due to suffocation or to internal injuries. Besides the dead there were about a thousand wounded, who were taken to the hospitals in or near Moscow.

Such a catastrophe is without precedent in the history of the world. A crowd seems to be more dangerous and more terrible than the elements, and it is certainly just as ungovernable.

ANENT MEN'S HATS.

BY G. T. FERRIS.

THIS is not a historical discursus, nor a fragment of a new *Sartor Resartus*. Surely the old lion of Chelsea would have belched a guffaw of Homeric laughter at such a flippant treatment of his great theme. Yet while one saunters through "Rag Fair" he may find some shreds of the philosophy of clothes even in hats. For a hundred years the stiff hat, a hideous structure covered with fur, silk, cloth, or felt, of different shapes at different periods, but all of them ungainly, has been the distinctive head-gear of the man of fashion, or of any one ambitious for this social brevet. In vain has the æsthetic critic shot his arrows at the shining mark, stigmatizing an ugliness at variance with every correct law of personal adornment. In vain the utilitarian has railed at the obstinate tile as an article of wear which to discomfort adds failure in the protection of the face from sun or rain, a monstrosity as inept as the vermiform appendix. Yet it holds its Gibraltar impregnable against the batteries of wit and logic, while the soft hat has to sneak its way through the world or to retire to country life. The wearers of the latter are incontinently set down as artist or author "fellows," or, if not excused by this concession of an eccentric right, at least people more or less tainted with plebeian affinities, unless they are such great personages that they can wear anything. The rule holds even more strongly in England and France, where the etiquette of dress is stretched to its highest tension. Indeed, one may say that what covers the skull is almost of more importance than what the skull covers. Only a Gladstone, a Tennyson, or a Rothschild would dare to parade in Rotten Row with a soft hat.

The displacement of the soft hat by its stiff-brimmed rival as the fashionable head-gear has a *raison d'être* more vital than the caprice which dictates so many of the laws of dress. The root of the thing burrows deeply into the past of social evolutions, and the fact turns out an illuminating fossil. Two hundred years ago the gentleman's hat *par excellence* was the wide-brimmed soft hat. This was the period when men treated women with a deferential courtesy almost fantastic among the upper classes. There was a great glitter of chivalry on the surface, however hollow the reality. The bow was almost to the earth, and the plumed head-gear was removed with a wide sweep of the arm which traversed a graceful semicircle. To make his obeisance to a woman properly, and to disengage his rapier on the duelling-ground with a flourish which sent the scabbard whirling a dozen yards away, were accomplishments no "pretty fellow" could dispense with. Generations rolled on and became more practical, the interests of life more busy and complex, the attitude toward women much modified. Men began to think of women rather as creatures of every-day use and value, with a finger in the common pie whose dainty tip would have been thought stained beyond cleaning at an earlier period by such contact. This of course does not apply to the wife and daughter of Hob or Jacques, but to the feminine world where the observance of formal courtesy was fixed by social law. It was no longer Cynthia, as Propertius described his sweetheart,

> "Cynthia forma potens, Cynthia multa levis,"

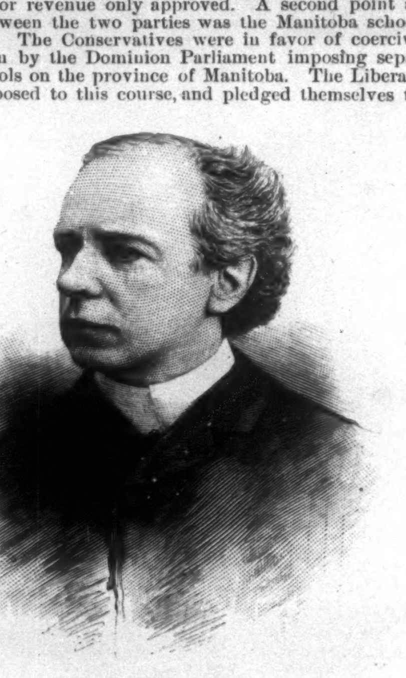
"a shape of power" whose sceptre was in the kingdom of coquetry and intrigue. The airy goddess had come down from her perch, and become something which man dimly recognized as cut right out from under his own fifth rib. With this descent of divinity the profoundly differential *congé* soon varied to suit the change in the spirit behind it. "What a topsy-turvy show, to be sure, the fine world has got," wrote Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann in one of those amusing letters of the earlier Georgian epoch, "since the women would be at everything!"—the great modern agitation had begun to make a ripple even then. "The pert minxes, from her Majesty's maid of honor down to Incognita who smirks and giggles under her mask at Ranelagh, would thrust their pretty noses into men's business and be hanged to 'em. They will be for Parliament next. I can scarcely *raise my hat* to these mincing busybodies."

The chapeau had then been substituted for the soft wide-brimmed covering, and the mode of salutation was far less emphatic. Instead of the profound bow with the exaggerated swing of the arm, the cocked hat was held above the head, and there was a half flexure of the upper part of the body. The reason for the sequence in the hat fashion becomes evident with a little thought. One can remove the hat with a soft brim from the head with a sweeping gesture in a graceful and gallant style. To merely raise such a hat from the head without being betrayed into a motion clownishly awkward, which no man of fashion could endure, is very difficult. It needed to be manageably firm and stiff, not flexible, and the cocked hat answered the need.

As time passed, new forces shook the civilized world with a series of earthquakes, and they helped the already active tendency of woman to advance her tentacles. Old-fashioned forms of courtesy and gallantry decayed more and more as society fitted itself to the notion that woman, after all, was a vessel moulded of the same clay, even though the pitcher would get smashed when it went to the well too often. The deliberate courtly raising of the hat from the head, with the full half flexure, which was the proper mode in our grandfather's time, was too deferential to suit the new good-natured spirit of *camaraderie* which woman's pushing demands enforced on the other sex. Why not treat her in the same easy-going way as man would treat man? So the narrow stiff-brimmed hat got itself evolved as the head-gear of handiest use for the purpose of the new and less gracious salutation, which for the last half-century has declined into a mere hat-tipping and a jerk of the head or bobtailed bow. Still, evolution is in progress, and extremes may yet meet, as they have done many a time before. If social change proceeds on the same lines, women will by-and-by have lost all claim for superior reverence, and the soft hat may become fashionable again, for it will not be necessary to do more than nod. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

THE LIBERAL VICTORY IN CANADA.

THE general elections in Canada were held on June 23, and resulted in the overthrow of the Conservative party, which, with the exception of the years from 1874 to 1878, has held power since the union of the provinces in 1867. The Liberal victory was an emphatic one. The new House of Commons will be made up of 118 Liberals, 88 Conservatives, and 8 Independents, the last being in the main allies of the Liberals. The election is a notable one for many reasons. The protective tariff imposed by Sir John Macdonald in 1879, popularly known as the N. P. (National Policy), was condemned, and the Liberal policy of a tariff for revenue only approved. A second point at issue between the two parties was the Manitoba school question. The Conservatives were in favor of coercive legislation by the Dominion Parliament imposing separate schools on the province of Manitoba. The Liberals were opposed to this course, and pledged themselves to secure an amicable solution of the difficulty by conciliatory methods. The Tupper government on this account had the active support of many dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, who in some cases took extreme ground in its favor. Archbishop Langevin preached a series of sermons in Quebec province in which he denounced the Liberals. Bishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers, in a sermon which was largely used as a campaign document, charged Mr. Laurier, the Liberal leader, with being a recreant Catholic, and warned his flock that to vote for his candidates would be to commit a mortal sin. Bishop Cameron made the same statement in a letter which was read throughout his diocese, and gave specific instructions that votes were to be cast for a candidate whom he named. In Portneuf County, where Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière, a distinguished French Protestant, was the Liberal candidate, the curés threatened his supporters with ecclesiastical pains and penalties. All over Quebec much the same kind of clerical intimidation prevailed. Notwithstanding this, however, the Liberals swept the province from end to end, electing 49 of their candidates as against 16 Conservatives. The racial enthusiasm aroused by Mr. Laurier's leadership proved irresistible, even against the power of the hierarchy.



HON. WILFRID LAURIER.
The New Premier of Canada.

Mr. Laurier, who will be called upon to form a new administration, will be the seventh Canadian Premier. He is a French Canadian, is a lawyer living and practising his profession at Arthabaskaville in this province, and is now in his fifty-sixth year, though he looks ten years younger. Twenty-six years ago he entered public life as a member of the Quebec Legislature; three years later he became a Dominion member; from 1877 to 1878 he was a cabinet minister; from 1878 to 1888, leader of the French Liberal opposition; and since the latter date, leader of the Dominion Liberal party. He has been for twenty years the greatest of Canadian orators, and the Liberal turnover is largely due to the platform addresses which he has made in all parts of Canada during the last two years. As a Parliamentary tactician and party leader he has had no rival since the death of Sir John Macdonald, whom he resembles in many ways. The French Canadians recognize in him the greatest man yet produced by their race; but their loyalty to him, passionate though it is, is not greater than that of the English Liberals, who were long ago captivated by the singular charm of his personality. He is married, but childless; his wife belongs to the Lafontaine family, which sixty years ago gave the French Liberals a leader whose name is still cherished by them.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

IX.

WESTOVER received next spring the copy for an advertisement from Mrs. Durgin, which she asked to have him put in some paper for her. She said that her son Jackson had written it out, and Westover found it so well written out that he had scarcely to change the wording. It offered the best of farm-board, with plenty of milk and eggs, berries and fruit, for five dollars a week at Lion's Head Farm, and it claimed for the farm the merit of the finest view of the celebrated Lion's Head Mountain. It was signed, as her letter was signed, "Mrs. J. M. Durgin," with her post-office address, and it gave Westover as a reference.

The letter was in the same handwriting as the advertisement, which he took to be that of Jackson Durgin. It enclosed a dollar note to pay for three insertions of the advertisement in the *Evening Transcript*, and it ended, almost casually: "I do not know as you have heard that my husband, James Monroe Durgin, passed to spirit life this spring. My son will help me to run the house."

This death could not move Westover more than it had apparently moved the widow. During the three weeks he had passed under his roof, he had scarcely exchanged three words with James Monroe Durgin, who remained to him an impression of large, round, dull blue eyes, a stubbly upper lip, and cheeks and chin tagged with coarse hay-colored beard. The impression was so largely the impression that he had kept of the dull blue eyes and the gaunt, slanted figure of Andrew Jackson Durgin, that he could not be very distinct in his sense of which was now the presence, and which the absence. He remembered with an effort that the son's beard was straw-colored, but he had to make no effort to recall the robust effect of Mrs. Durgin and her youngest son. He wondered now; as he had often wondered before, whether she knew of the final violence which had avenged the boy for the prolonged strain of self-repression Jeff inflicted upon him during Westover's stay at the farm. After several impulses to go back and beat him, to follow him to school and expose him to the teacher, to write to his mother and tell her of his misbehavior, Westover had decided to do nothing. As he had come off unhurt in person and property, he could afford to be more generously amused than if he had suffered damage in either. The more he thought of the incident, the more he was disposed to be lenient with the boy, whom he was aware of having baffled and subdued by his superior wit and virtue in perhaps intolerable measure. He could not quite make out that it was an act of bad faith; there was no reason to think that the good-natured things the fellow had done, the constant little offices of zeal and friendliness, were less sincere than this violent outbreak.

The letter from Lion's Head Farm brought back his three weeks there very vividly, and made Westover wish he was going there for the summer. But he was going over to France for an indefinite period of work in the only air where he believed modern men were doing good things in the right way. He had had a sale, in the winter, and he had sold pictures enough to provide the means for this sojourn abroad; though his Lion's Head Mountain had not brought the two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars he had hoped for. It brought only a hundred and sixty; but the time had almost come already when Westover thought it brought too much. Now, the letter from Mrs. Durgin reminded him that he had never sent her the photograph of the picture which he had promised her. He encased the photograph at once, and wrote to her with many avowals of contrition for his neglect, and strong regret that he was not soon to see the original of the painting again. He paid a decent reverence to the bereavement she had suffered, and he sent his regards to all, especially his comrade Jeff, whom he advised to keep out of the apple-orchard.

Five years later Westover came home in the first week of a gasping August, whose hot breath thickened round the Cunarder before she got half-way up the harbor. He waited only to see his pictures through the custom-house, and then he left for the mountains. The mountains meant Lion's Head for him, and eight hours later he was dismounting from the train at a station on the road which had been pushed through on a new line within four miles of the farm. It was called Lion's Head House, now, as he read on the side of the mountain-wagon which he saw waiting at the platform, and he knew at a glance that it was Jeff Durgin who was coming forward to meet him and take his hand-bag.

The boy had been the prophecy of the man in even a disappointing degree. Westover had fancied his growing up to the height of his father and brother, but Jeff Durgin's stalwart frame was notable for strength rather than height. He could not have been taller than his mother, whose stature was above the standard of her sex, but he was massive without being bulky. His chest was deep, his square shoulders broad, his powerful legs bore him with a backward bulge of the calves that showed through his shapely trousers; he caught up the trunks and threw them into the baggage-wagon with a swelling of the muscles on his short thick arms which pulled his coat sleeves from his heavy wrists and broad, short hands.

He had given one of these to Westover to shake when they met, but with something conditional in his welcome, and with a look which was not so much furtive as latent. The thatch of yellow hair he used to wear was now cropped close to his skull, which was a sort of dun-color; and it had some drops of sweat along the lighter edge where his hat had shaded his forehead. He put his hat on the seat between himself and Westover, and drove away from the station bareheaded, to cool himself after his bout with the baggage, which was following more slowly in its wagon. There was a good deal of it, and there were half a dozen people, women of course, going to Lion's Head House. Westover climbed to the place beside Jeff to let them have the other two seats to themselves, and to have a chance of talking; but the ladies had to be quieted in their several anxieties concerning their baggage, and the letters and telegrams they had sent about their rooms, before they settled down to an exchange of apprehensions among themselves, and left Jeff Durgin free to listen to Westover.

"I don't know but *I* ought to have telegraphed you that I was coming," Westover said, "but I couldn't realize that you were doing things on the hotel scale. Perhaps you won't have room for me?"

"Guess we can put you up," said Jeff.

"No chance of getting my old room, I suppose?"

"I shouldn't wonder. If there's any one in it, I guess mother could change 'em."

"Is that so?" asked Westover, with a liking for being liked, which his tone expressed. "How is your mother?"

Jeff seemed to think a moment before he answered:

"Just exactly the same!"

"A little older?"

"Not as I can see."

"Does she hate keeping a hotel as badly as she expected?"

"That's what she says," answered Jeff, with a twinkle. All the time, while he was talking with Westover, he was breaking out to his horses, which he governed with his voice, trotting them up hill and down, and walking them on the short, infrequent levels, in the mountain fashion.

Westover almost feared to ask, "And how is Jackson?"

"First rate. That is, for him. He's as well as ever he was, I guess, and he don't appear a day older. *You've* changed some," Jeff said, with a look round at Westover.

"Yes; I'm twenty-nine, now, and I wear a heavier beard." Westover noticed that Jeff was clean shaved of any sign of an approaching beard, and artistically he rejoiced in the fellow's young, manly beauty, which was very regular and sculpturesque. "You're about eighteen?"

"Nearer nineteen."

"Is Jackson as much interested in the other world as he used to be?"

"Spirits?"

"Yes."

"I guess he keeps it up with Mr. Whitwell. He don't say much about it at home. He keeps all the books, and helps mother run the house. She couldn't very well get along without him."

"And where do you come in?"

"Well, I look after the transportation," said Jeff, with a nod toward his horses. "When I'm at home, that is. I've been at the Academy in Lovewell the last three winters, and that means a good piece of the summer too, first and last. But I guess I'll let mother talk to you about that."

"All right," said Westover. "What I don't know about education isn't worth knowing."

Jeff laughed, and said to the off horse, which seemed to know that he was meant, "Get up, there!"

"And Cynthia? Is Cynthia at home?" Westover asked.

"Yes. They're all down in the little wood-colored house, yet. Cynthia teaches winters, and summers she helps mother. She has charge of the dining-room."

"Does Franky cry as much as ever?"

"No. Frank's a fine boy. He's in the house too. Kind of bell-boy."

"And you haven't worked Mr. Whitwell in, anywhere?"

"Well, he talks to the ladies, and takes parties of 'em mountain-climbing. I guess we couldn't get along without Mr. Whitwell. He talks religion to 'em." He cast a mocking glance at Westover over his shoulder. "Women seem to like religion, whether they belong to church or not."

Westover laughed, and asked, "And Fox? How's Fox?"

"Well," said Jeff, "we had to give Fox away. He was always cross with the boarders' children. My brother was on from Colorado, and he took Fox back with him."

"I didn't suppose," said Westover, "that I should have been sorry to miss Fox. But I guess I shall be."

Jeff seemed to enjoy the implication of his words. "He wasn't a bad dog. He was stupid."

When they arrived at the foot of the lane, mounting to the farm, Westover saw what changes had been made in the house. There were large additions, tasteless and characterless, but giving the rooms that were needed. There was a vulgar modernity in the new parts, expressed with a final intensity in the four-light windows, which are esteemed the last word of domestic architecture in the country. Jeff said nothing as they approached the house, but Westover said, "Well, you've certainly prospered. You're quite magnificent!"

They reached the old level in front of the house, artificially widened out of his remembrance, with a white flag-pole planted at its edge, and he looked up at the front of the house, which was unchanged, except that it had been built a story higher back of the old front, and discovered the window of his old room. He could hardly wait to get his greetings over with Mrs. Durgin and Jackson, who both showed a decorous pleasure and surprise at his coming, before he asked, "And *could* you let me have my own room, Mrs. Durgin?"

"Why, yes," she said. "If you don't want something a little nicer."

"I don't believe you've got anything nicer," Westover said.

"All right, if you think so," she retorted. "You can have the old room, anyway."

X.

Westover could not have said he felt very much at home on his first sojourn at the farm, or that he had cared greatly for the Durgins. But now he felt very much at home, and as if he were in the hands of friends.

It was toward the close of the afternoon that he arrived, and he went in promptly to the meal that was served shortly after. He found that the farm-house had not evolved so far in the direction of a hotel as to have reached the stage of a late dinner. It was tea that he sat down to, but when he asked if there were not something hot, after listening to a catalogue of the cold meats, the spectacled waitress behind his chair demanded, with the air of putting him on his honor, "You among those that came this afternoon?"

Westover claimed to be of the new arrivals.

"Well, then, *you* can have steak or chops, and baked potatoes."

He found the steak excellent, though succinct, and he looked round in the distinction it conferred upon him, on the older guests, who were served with cold ham, tongue, and corned beef. He had expected to be appointed his place by Cynthia Whitwell, but Jeff came to the dining-room with him, and showed him to the table he occupied, with an effect of doing him special credit.

From his impressions of the berries, the cream, the toast, and the tea, as well as the steak, he decided that on the gastronomic side there could be no question but the Durgins knew how to keep a hotel; and his further acquaintance with the house and its appointments confirmed him in his belief. All was very simple, but sufficient; and no guest could have truthfully claimed that he was stinted in towels, in water, in lamp-light, in the quality or quantity of bedding, in hooks for clothes, or wardrobe or bureau room. Westover made Mrs. Durgin his sincere compliments on her success as they sat in the old parlor, which she had kept for herself much in its former state, and she accepted them with simple satisfaction.

"But I don't know as I should ever had the courage to try it, if it hadn't been for you happening along just when you did," she said.

"Then I'm the founder of your fortunes?"

"If you want to call them fortunes. We don't complain. It's been a fight, but I guess we've got the best of it. The house is full, and we're turnin' folks away. I guess they can't say that at the big hotels they used to drive over from to see Lion's Head at the farm." She gave a low, comfortable chuckle, and told Westover of the struggle they had made. It was an interesting story and pathetic, like all stories of human endeavor: the efforts of the most selfish ambition have something of this interest; and the struggle of the Durgins had the grace of their wish to keep their home.

"And is Jeff as well satisfied as the rest?" Westover asked after other talk and comment on the facts.

"Too much so," said Mrs. Durgin. "I should like to talk with you about Jeff, Mr. Westover; you and him was always such friends."

"Yes," said Westover; "I shall be glad if I can be of use to you."

"Why it's just this. I don't see why Jeff shouldn't do something besides keep a hotel."

Westover's eyes wandered to the photograph of his painting of Lion's Head which hung over the mantelpiece, in what he felt to be the place of the greatest honor in the whole house, and a sudden fear came upon him that perhaps Jeff had developed an artistic talent in the belief of his family. But he waited silently to hear.

"We did think that before we got through the improvements last spring a year ago, we should have to get the savings-bank to put a mortgage on the place, but we had just enough to start the season with, and we thought we would try to pull through. We had a splendid season, and made money, and this year we're doin' so well that I ain't afraid for the future any more, and I want to give Jeff a chance in the world. I want he should go to college."

Westover felt all the boldness of the aspiration, but it was at least not in the direction of art. "Wouldn't you rather miss him in the management?"

"We should, some. But he would be here the best part of the summer, in his vacations, and Jackson and I are full able to run the house without him."

"Jackson seems very well," said Westover, evasively.

"He's *better*. He's only thirty-four years old. His father lived to be sixty, and he had the same *kind*. Jeff tell you he had been at Lovewell Academy?"

"Yes; he did."

"He done well, there. All his teachers that he ever had," Mrs. Durgin went on, with the mother-pride that soon makes itself tiresome to the listener, "said Jeff done well at school when he had a mind to, and at the Academy he studied real hard. I guess," said Mrs. Durgin, with her chuckle, "that he thought that was goin' to be the end of it. One thing, he had to keep up with Cynthy, and that put him on his pride. You seen Cynthy yet?"

"No. Jeff told me she was in charge of the dining-room."

"I guess *I'm* in charge of the whole house," said Mrs. Durgin. "Cynthy's the housekeeper, though. She's a fine girl, and a smart girl," said Mrs. Durgin, with a visible relenting from some grudge, "and she'll do well wherever you put her. She went to the Academy the first two winters Jeff did. We've about scooped in the whole Whitwell family. Franky's here, and his father's—well, his father's kind of philosopher to the lady boarders." Mrs. Durgin laughed, and Westover laughed with her. "Yes, I want Jeff should go to college, and I want he should be a lawyer."

Westover did not find that he had anything useful to say to this; so he said, "I've no doubt it's better than being a painter."

"I'm not so sure; three hundred dollars for a little thing like that." She indicated the photograph of his Lion's Head, and she was evidently so proud of it that he reserved for the moment the truth as to the price he had got for the painting. "I *was* surprised when you sent me a photograph full as big. I don't let every one in here,

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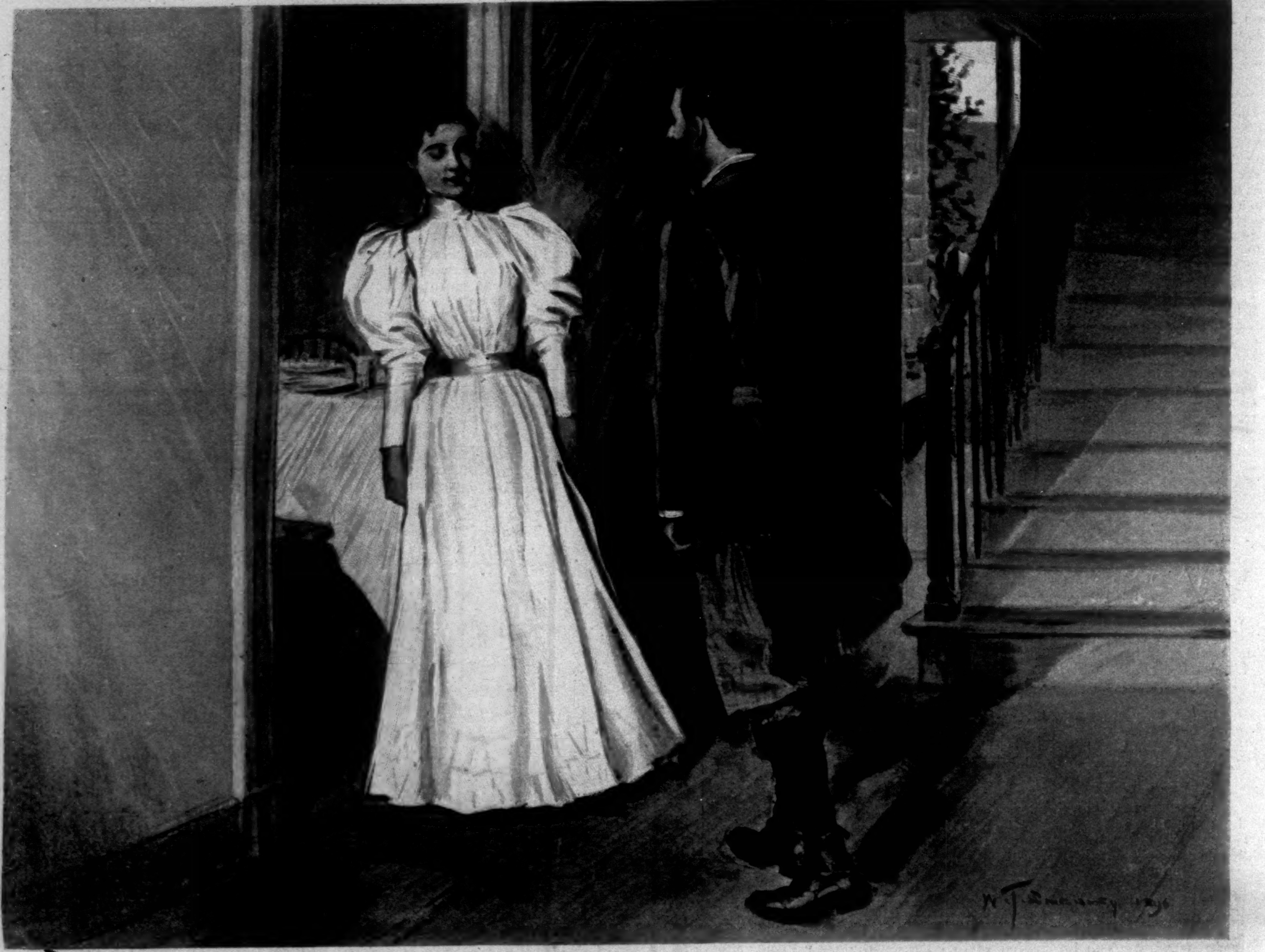
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2063.



"HE SAW THE GIRL IN THE MORNING. SHE MET HIM AT THE DOOR OF THE DINING ROOM."

but a good many of the ladies are artists themselves—amatures, I guess—and first and last they all want to see it. I guess they'll all want to see *you*, Mr. Westover. They'll be *wild*, as they call it, when they know you're in the house. Yes, I mean Jeff shall go to college."

"Bowdoin, or—Dartmouth?" Westover suggested.

"Well, I guess you'll think I'm about as forth-putting as I was when I wanted you to give me a three-hundred-dollar picture for a week's board."

"I only got a hundred and sixty, Mrs. Durgin," said Westover conscientiously.

"Well, it's a shame. Any rate, three hundred's the price to all *my* boarders. My, if I've told that story once, I guess I've told it fifty times!"

Mrs. Durgin laughed at herself jollily, and Westover noted how prosperity had changed her. It had freed her tongue, it had brightened her humor, it had cheered her heart; she had put on flesh, and her stalwart frame was now a far greater bulk than he remembered.

"Well, there!" she said. "The long and the short of it is, I want Jeff should go to Harvard."

He commanded himself to say, "I don't see why he shouldn't."

Mrs. Durgin called out, "Come in, Jackson," and Westover looked round and saw the elder son like a gaunt shadow in the doorway. "I've just got where I've told Mr. Westover where I want Jeff should go. It don't seem to have ca'd him off his feet, any, either."

"I presume," said Jackson, coming in, and sitting lankly down in the feather-cushioned rocking-chair which his mother pushed towards him with her foot, "that the expense would be more at Harvard than it would at the other colleges."

"If you want the best you got to pay for it," said Mrs. Durgin.

"I suppose it would cost more," Westover answered Jackson's conjecture. "I really don't know much about it. One hears tremendous stories at Boston of the rate of living among the swell students in Cambridge. People talk of five thousand a year, and that sort of thing." Mrs. Durgin shut her lips, after catching her breath. "But I fancy that it's largely talk. I have a friend whose son went through Harvard for a thousand a year, and I know that many fellows do it for much less."

"I guess we can manage to let Jeff have a thousand a year," said Mrs. Durgin, proudly, "and not scrimp very much, either."

She looked at her elder son, who said: "I don't believe but what we could. It's more of a question with me what sort of influence Jeff would come under there. I think he's pretty much spoilt here!"

"Now, Jackson!" said his mother.

"I've heard," said Westover, "that Harvard takes the nonsense out of a man. I can't enter into what you say, and it isn't my affair; but in regard to influence at Harvard, it depends upon the set Jeff is thrown with, or throws himself with. So, at least, I infer from what I've heard my friend say of his son there. There are hard-working sets, loafing sets, and fast sets; and I suppose it isn't different at Harvard in such matters from other colleges."

Mrs. Durgin looked a little grave. "Of course," she said, "we don't know anybody at Cambridge, except some ladies that boarded with us one summer, and I shouldn't want to ask any favor of them. The trouble would be to get Jeff started right."

Westover surmised a good many things, but in the absence of any confidences from the Durgins, he could not know just how much Jackson meant in saying that Jeff was pretty much-spoiled, or how little. At first, from Mrs. Durgin's prompt protest, he fancied that Jackson meant that the boy had been over-indulged by his mother. "I understand," he said, in default of something else to say, "that the requirements at Harvard are pretty severe."

"He's passed his preliminary examinations," said Jackson, with a touch of hauteur, "and I guess he can enter this fall, if we should so decide. He'll have some conditions, prob'ly, but none but what he can work off, I guess."

"Then, if you wish to have him go to college, by all means let him go to Harvard, I should say. It's our great university, and our oldest. I'm not a college man myself, but if I were, I should wish to have been a Harvard man. If Jeff has any nonsense in him, it will take it out; and I don't believe there's anything in Harvard, as Harvard, to make him worse."

"That's what we both think," said Jackson.

"I've heard," Westover continued, and he rose and stood, while he spoke, "that Harvard's like the world A man gets on there on the same terms that he gets on in the world. He has to be a man, and he'd better be a gentleman."

Mrs. Durgin still looked serious. "Have you come back to Boston for good, now? Do you expect to be there right along?"

"I've taken a studio there. Yes, I expect to be in Boston, now. I've taken to teaching, and I fancy I can make a living. If Jeff comes to Cambridge, and I can be of any use—"

"We should be ever so much obliged to you," said his mother with an air of great relief.

"Not at all. I shall be very glad. Your mountain air is drugging me, Mrs. Durgin. I shall have to say good-night, or I shall tumble asleep before I get upstairs. Oh, I can find the way, I guess; this part of the house seems the same."

He got away from them, and with the lamp that Jackson gave him, found his way to his room. A few moments later some one knocked at his door, and a boy stood there with a pitcher. "Some ice-water, Mr. Westover?"

"Why, is that you, Franky? I'm glad to see you again. How are you?"

"I'm pretty well," said the boy, shyly. He was a very handsome little fellow of distinctly dignified presence, and Westover was aware at once that here was not a subject for patronage. "Is there anything else you want, Mr. Westover? Matches, or soap, or anything?" He put the pitcher down and gave a keen glance round the room.

"No, everything seems to be here, Frank," said Westover.

"Well, good-night," said the boy, and he slipped out, quietly closing the door after him.

Westover pushed up his window, and looked at Lion's Head in the moonlight. It slumbered as if with the sleep of centuries, austere, august. The moon rays seemed to break and splinter on the outline of the lion-shape, and left all the mighty mass black below.

In the old porch under his window Westover heard whispering. Then, "You behave yourself, Jeff Durgin!" came in a voice which could be no other than Cynthia Whitwell's, and Jeff Durgin's laugh followed.

He saw the girl in the morning. She met him at the door of the dining-room, and he easily found in her shy, proud manner, and her pure, cold beauty, the temperament and physiognomy of the child he remembered. She was tall and slim, and she held herself straight without stiffness; her face was fine, with a straight nose, and a decided chin, and a mouth of the same sweetness which looked from her still gray eyes; her hair, of the average brown, had a rough effect of being quickly tossed into form, which pleased him; as she slipped down the room before him to place him at table he saw that she was, as it were, involuntarily, unwillingly graceful. She made him think of a wild sweetbrier, of a hermit-thrush, but if there was this sort of poetic suggestion in Cynthia's looks, her acts were of plain and honest prose, such as giving Westover the pleasantest place, and the most intelligent waitress in the room.

He would have liked to keep her in talk a moment, but she made businesslike despatch of all his allusions to the past, and got herself quickly away. Afterwards she came back to him, with the effect of having forced herself to come, and the color deepened in her cheeks while she staid.

She seemed glad of his being there, but helpless against the instincts or traditions that forbade her to show her pleasure in his presence. Her reticence became almost snubbing in its strictness, when he asked her about her school-teaching in the winter; but he found that she taught in the little school-house at the foot of the hill, and lived at home with her father.

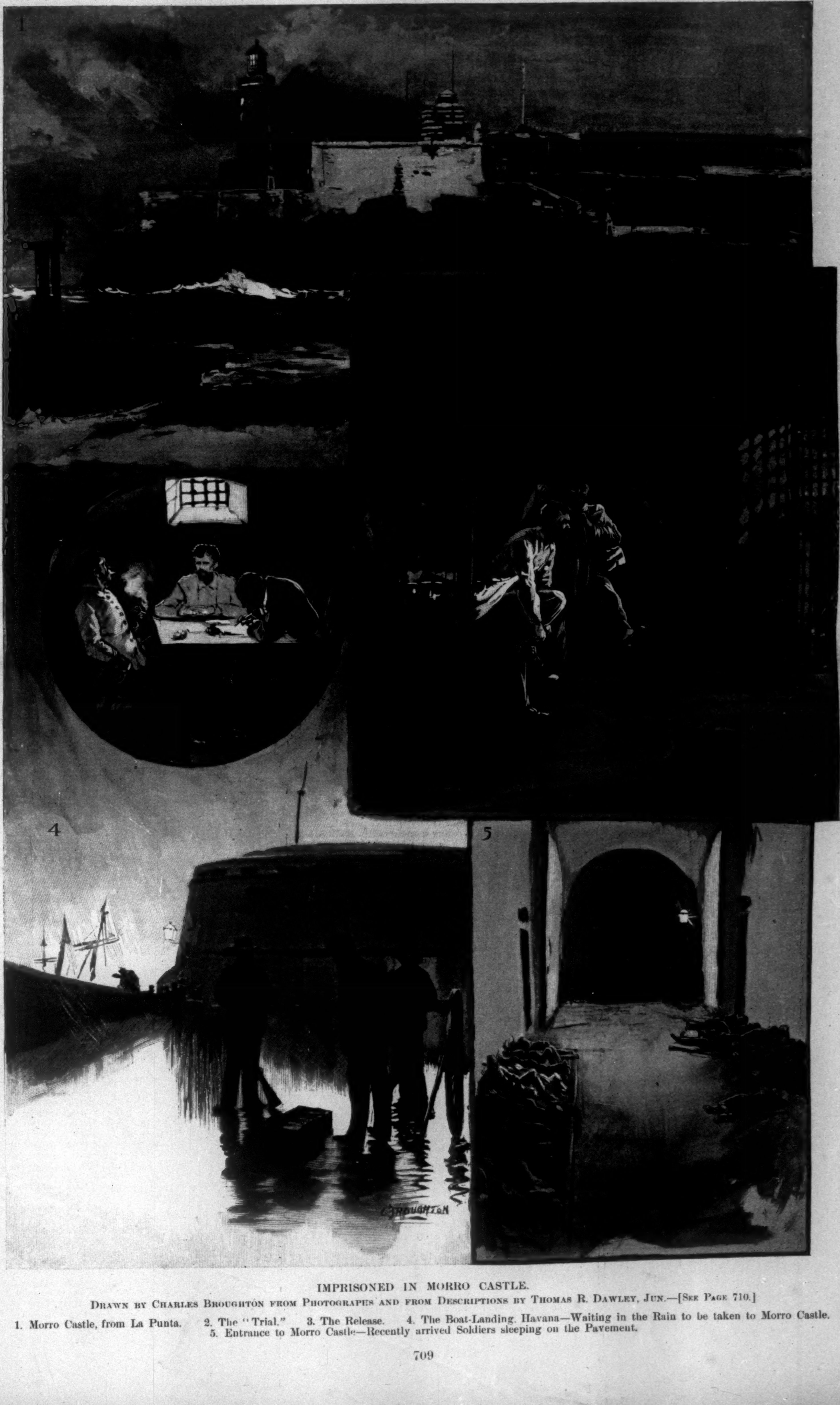
"And have you any bad boys that frighten little girls, in your school?" he asked, jocosely.

"I don't know as I have," she said, with a consciousness that flamed into her cheeks.

"Perhaps the boys have reformed," Westover suggested.

"I presume," she said, stiffly, "that there's room for improvement in every one," and then, as if she were afraid he might take this personally, she looked unhappy, and tried to speak of other things. She asked him if he did not see a great many changes at Lion's Head; he answered gravely that he wished he could have found it just as he left it, and then she must have thought she had gone wrong again, for she left him in an embarrassment that was pathetic, but which was charming.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



IMPRISONED IN MORRO CASTLE.

DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND FROM DESCRIPTIONS BY THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 710.]

1. Morro Castle, from La Punta. 2. The "Trial." 3. The Release. 4. The Boat-Landing, Havana—Waiting in the Rain to be taken to Morro Castle. 5. Entrance to Morro Castle—Recently arrived Soldiers sleeping on the Pavement.

IMPRISONED IN MORRO CASTLE.

BY THOMAS ROBINSON DAWLEY, JUN.

MORRO CASTLE is to the island of Cuba to-day what the Bastile was to France before the Revolution which broke down its walls and let its prisoners free. Although nominally a strong fortress guarding the narrow entrance to the harbor of Havana, the Morro's principal feature is its dark, damp dungeons, where political prisoners are confined. It differs from other prisons in that its prisoners never know how long they are to remain shut in from bright sunlight and free air.

A political suspect is first placed in the Morro. If the authorities have only the moral conviction that he is guilty, he remains there. If the government is prepared to give him some kind of a trial, he is taken to Cabañas, the other fortress overlooking the bay farther down; and whether the result be a life sentence at Ceuta or the fosse of Laurales,* there is at least not that grim uncertainty which the name of Morro carries with it.

I went to Cuba determined to learn the true state of affairs there. I recognized no obligations to any thing or person except faithfully to fulfil the task I had set myself.

I arrived two days after the arrival of Captain-General Weyler, and found that he had issued his first decree, refusing the usual permission granted to correspondents to go into the field to witness the operations against the enemy, and that if I were to join the insurgents, or even to be convicted of holding communication with them, I could legally be judged a spy and shot. There was but one of two things to do, either to throw up my mission and to go home, or to take the risk of disobeying the decrees of Captain-General Weyler. I decided to remain, and was soon mixing with soldiers and citizens, Spaniard and Cuban, loyalist and rebel—all were my friends so far as my duty was concerned.

In less than four months I had accomplished my task. I had seen a little fighting, and I had photographed rebel chiefs, Spanish generals, and the Trocha, that queer military line of Weyler's, upon which he has staked so much.

I was ready to go home. My last work had been done in a very suspicious locality, and I boarded a train down in Pinar del Rio, intending to go direct to Havana. Unfortunately for me, the train went no further than Artemisa. However, as I had spent some time there in the guise of a photographer, I had no fears for my liberty, and even when I was arrested, within fifteen minutes after my arrival (my eighth or ninth arrest since my arrival in the island), I did not consider the matter seriously. But during my absence the *personnel* of the Trocha had materially changed. General Arolas and his second in command, Colonel Hernandez, had both gone to Havana, and General Melguizo had been sent to take command of the Trocha, and his headquarters were at Artemisa. I had been cautioned not to fall into the hands of this general, who fought no battles, but had won his stars by killing unarmed citizens. He is the Colonel Melguizo who ordered the shooting of the Americans Delgado and Casanova, and was afterward promoted to a generalship.

I was taken to General Melguizo's headquarters. No attempt was made to find out what I had been doing, or whether I had violated any law or not. The necessity of doing this did not seem to come within the intelligence of either the general or his staff—men of that class of Spaniards who cannot comprehend why their government does not break its treaty with the United States, bombard New York, and take possession of the entire country. After a few moments' whispered conversation I was marched off to the church, which had been turned into a fort, prison, and hospital. That night I slept on a narrow bench, and when I awoke I discovered that some one fancying my hat had carried it off.

In the morning I was again taken to General Melguizo's headquarters, and my person and baggage searched. Among my effects I had two cameras and two dozen plate-holders. Though I felt morally certain that the officials who were to conduct the search would ignorantly expose my undeveloped plates to the light, and thus destroy what would have been proof of my having been in communication with the rebels, yet I so hated to lose the work which I had risked so much to obtain that I took an additional risk, and was fortunately able, through the kindly offices of a Cuban friend, to secure the substitution of some unexposed plates for those which I prized so highly, and which were safely spirited away. What I had expected happened. The substituted plates were examined in broad daylight and ruined.

Immediately after this examination I was marched down the street in front of a squad of soldiers, and ordered into an ordinary box-car covered with sheet-iron. Here a Spanish officer produced a rope and ordered one of the soldiers to tie me up to a fellow-prisoner—an aged and not over-clean peasant—although I was in an armored car filled with armed soldiers. The officer then took my camera tripod, which when folded is in the form of a cane, and made a great ado over it. He did not know how to open it; but finally, when a sergeant came to his assistance and placed the thing upon its three legs, he swung his hands in a frantic manner, declaring that it was an instrument for measuring the heights of mountains, and that alone was sufficient evidence against me to merit a death sentence.

About half-way to Havana we were ordered to change cars. We were forced to drag ourselves through the mud and rain by the ruined railway station, while a crowd of passengers watched us. More than one friendly face of some helpless sympathizer I recognized in the throng. To climb into a box-car with an ex-rebel tied to one's arm is a difficult feat, but I accomplished it, and dragged my companion in misery up after me. Our new escort jeered and taunted us unmercifully.

At the next stop we were unbound, and my companion was taken away. He said that he had been in the rebel ranks, and had presented himself to the government authorities at San Cristobal, claiming the indulgence promised in Weyler's decree of amnesty granting pardon to all rebels who would surrender of their own free will, but he had been kept a prisoner, and did not even then know why or where they were taking him. I was immediately rebound, with my arms behind me; and with a sentinel each side of me, my position was not a comfortable one. However, the lieutenant in charge of the escort was a very decent kind of fellow, whose presence I appreciated, as it was a signal for the soldiers to stop their disorderly clamorings.

Upon arriving at the station in Havana, I found a squad of volunteers waiting to receive me, but they did not know what to do with me. After a while two mounted guards appeared, who came to take me in charge. I was loaded into an iron cage, drawn to the palace, and finally to La Punta. My two guards subjected me to many insults and indignities, and kept me standing in the rain for upwards of an hour, until they received definite orders to take me across the bay to Morro Castle. At the landing on the other side the guards tried to force me to carry my valise, although my arms were tied behind me. When I refused, in spite of all their threats, they fastened the valise to the cords which tightly bound my arms, while a crowd of Spanish sailors stood by and jeered. They all wanted to whip the United States, and seemed to think it a good idea to begin with me.

Fortunately the way to the castle was not long. We passed various sentinels, and to their challenge the only answer was, "A prisoner."

At the entrance of the castle was a room which served as an office. A pleasantly disposed lieutenant received us, and ordered the guards to remove the cords from my arms immediately. After writing my name and other formalities, he told me to open my valise and to take what things I might require in my cell, including my hammock. He assured me that the rest of the things he would keep for me until such time as I should be liberated. He remarked that he was always glad when they brought him prisoners. "But we do not get many now," he added, "for," drawing his finger across his throat, "they get that before they get here." This confirmed the statement of one of the boatmen who ferried us across the bay. He had said to the guards: "We get very few prisoners now, since General Weyler is running things. He knows how to clean the rebels out of the country. It is useless bringing them here to eat up the soldiers' biscuits."

The lieutenant showed me the way through the vault-like entrance, and stepping over the prostrate forms of sleeping soldiers who had arrived that day from a penal settlement in Africa, I entered the doorway, the iron-barred gate of which he unlocked and pushed open. I stepped into a gloomy vault lighted with an oil-lamp. The iron bars swung to upon their hinges, and I heard the lieutenant's "good-night" as the key grated in the lock, and I stood with my bundle under my arm looking at the curious scene about me.

The vault was 27 by 30 feet, with one window. Hammocks were stretched from posts, and men were sleeping in them, and those who did not have hammocks were sleeping on a wooden platform at one end of the room. The place itself was stony and cold, in vivid contrast with the hearts of the prisoners, who, being disturbed by my entrance, began to rouse themselves and to extend the hand of welcome to me. I was offered food and drink, my bundle was taken from me, and willing hands proceeded to suspend my hammock between the posts, while hearty voices assured me that I had fallen among friends. They seemed to recognize me as an American at once, and a piping voice from the other end of the cavelike room demanded, "What about the rights of belligerency?"

There were sixteen prisoners in this vault, all hopeless cases in the eyes of the administration, for scarcely one of them, according to Spanish jurisprudence, could be proved guilty of any crime. As it was late at night I threw myself into my hammock and soon went to sleep. The next morning I was surrounded by my fellow-prisoners, all eagerly clamoring for some news of the outside world. I answered their questions to the best of my knowledge, and they answered mine. There were men there who had not seen the sunshine for over a year, for when the iron door once closes upon a prisoner it never opens again for him unless it is to give him what is called a "trial," to send him to Cabanas, or to set him at liberty. Their only exercise is that which they may obtain by pacing up and down the floor of the cell. There were other such calabooses in the castle even worse than the one we occupied. In the building facing the court-yard were long narrow dungeons, with a window at each end, and containing upwards of one hundred and thirty prisoners each. One day I heard a prisoner pleading with an officer for a little sunlight and fresh air. He bared his shoulders and exhibited his body, covered with eruptions, as he said:

"I have been in here going on two years. I am sick—my blood is going to water—allow me to sit outside a little while, even if it be necessary to tie me up." But the doctor only smiled, and said that he guessed the eruptions were caused by vermin. The doctor is supposed to make his rounds, I believe, twice a week, but he might as well stay away for all the good he does. A prisoner is never taken to the hospital till he has to be carried there, and then the horrors of that hospital as described to me by some of the prisoners are even worse than those of the Morro. I saw a mere boy of sixteen lying in his hammock day after day, suffering intense pain, without the doctor ever once seeing him or giving him anything to relieve his suffering.

There were very few words of complaint from any one. Liberty had long since been looked upon by the tenants of Morro as a prize far beyond their reach. The routine of our lives could scarcely be other than the same thing over and over again. It commenced with getting up in the morning, and those who desired it received a substitute for coffee, which was poured into their cups through the iron bars. Several of the men who received assistance from outside friends made their own coffee over alcohol lamps. I was treated to this coffee, and later I contributed my supply to the larder run by one of the Cubans, with whom I at once found myself very closely connected by a peculiar chain of circumstances.

Most of these men with whom I was thus thrown were educated Cubans. One of them, with eight of his fellow-citizens, simply upon the denunciation of an enemy, had been taken from home and family, bound with ropes, and brought to El Morro. With such men as these, every precaution was taken to keep our quarters clean. Each one took his turn to clean the cell. Every morning and every afternoon the guard came with two criminal convicts to bring fresh water and to carry away the slops which had accumulated.

Three times a day the flags were swept by the man whose turn it was, and twice a week the flags were washed. About eleven o'clock our first meal was brought to us. This consisted of soldier's *rancho*, bread, and a kind of stew made of beef, potatoes, and beans or *gabanzos*. This stew was brought either in battered galvanized pails, or in a huge pan, smoked on the outside and dirty on the inside, and ladled out to the prisoners, who held their tin pans to receive it. Those who had money could have food sent from the outside. As my first two days in this prison were accompanied with fever, I did not care to eat. Afterwards I arranged—not without considerable trouble, however—to have my meals sent to me from the cantina. Some of the prisoners did their own cooking over alcohol-lamps. This was rather a costly method, for not only was the alcohol expensive, but there was some one among us who was very fond of the alcohol. All kinds of tricks were resorted to to prevent the rapid disappearance of our supply. One tried salt, another put carbolic acid in his bottle, and my supply disappeared so rapidly that my coffee-maker finally doctored it with coal-oil—whereupon a Frenchman, who was charged with being an insurgent leader and with having burned a government mail-coach, suddenly fell ill.

Among our number was a type of the Cuban peasant. He was a powerful lad, with a simple rustic nature. As our little lieutenant of the guard pointed me out as the prisoner who had photographed Maceo, he was designated as the man who had stolen chickens for Maceo's dinner. As a matter of fact, he did not know why he was a prisoner in Morro Castle.

Five days after my arrest I was called out to have a hearing before the military judge appointed in my case. His grade was that of major, and as I followed him to another cell I tried mentally to take his measure. I noted carefully his every motion, and by his stern demeanor I concluded that he intended to show me no mercy. My previous experience of Spanish trials prepared me for what was about to take place, and as I seated myself at the table at which the secretary (a soldier of the better class) was to take my testimony, some remark brought out the fact that this functionary, supreme so far as my case was concerned, looked upon Americans as enemies to his country's cause. I thought it only natural that I should ask him if he thought for a moment that Americans sympathized with those "house-burners, destroyers of property, bandits, and assassins."

"Most certainly they do!" he exclaimed.

Then I said, in a very bland manner, "My dear major, to judge me by the sins of my countrymen would be an injustice of which I know you are not capable."

The judge puffed his cigarette, and his manner towards me changed; and as he put the questions to me and his secretary wrote, I had no great difficulty in convincing him of the fact that he had no case against me. I soon became on friendly terms with my judge, the major, and as at last he gathered up his papers he said he would have me out that night.

There was not a single specific charge against me, not even the charge of having photographed the rebel chief Maceo or Weyler's cherished Trocha, although these were the accusations reported by the papers. There was something, however, in the testimony against me of having talked politics with some one, whom I had never seen nor heard of before. This party had testified in Artemisa that I had said that "if Weyler would throw up and go home the Cubans would get their independence." As I conscientiously believe that Weyler's methods do more to help the Cuban cause than to oppose it, I could truly deny this statement of Melguizo's false witness. The judge shook hands with me, assuring me once more that he would have me dining that afternoon at the Hôtel Inglaterra, and as he took his departure I was escorted back to my cell.

To the best of my knowledge, the judge did try to have me released, but the Captain-General opposed it, although he told Consul-General Lee that I should be set free after certain formalities had been attended to, and I was kept another week in Morro's dungeon. We received the Havana papers a few days after my trial, and read that General Weyler, as a special favor to the new Consul-General, had ordered the release of "the Yankee newspaper man."

When the order finally came I had retired to my hammock for the night. The lieutenant announced the news through the barred door, and there was a general commotion and exclamations of joy from my generous companions. If it had been their own release they could have scarcely expressed a greater degree of satisfaction. The Frenchman brought me my bundles, and danced on one leg as he held my coat. Then they all came up and gave me a parting hand-shake.

The morning after my release I called upon General Fitzhugh Lee, and the old soldier expressed, with genuine frankness, his pleasure at seeing me. He confirmed a previous statement, which I had heard, that General Weyler had prohibited him and the rest of my countrymen from visiting me, on the pretence that foreigners were forbidden by the laws of Spain from seeing the inside of a fortress in time of war. This statement caused me to accuse General Weyler of prevarication, in proof of which I cited the fact of my imprisonment in the fortress, owing to which I was enabled to get plans and pictures that might be obtained by no other means. To convince General Lee that no such law was in force, even if such a law existed, I offered to take him to visit Morro Castle. He declined the invitation; but to prove to him and others that certain days of the week visitors were allowed to go to the Morro without even the formality of a pass, I went to La Punta and again embarked for the castle, not forgetting to take a good supply of cigars and tobacco with me for my former companions.

The sentinel on duty at the castle entrance never heeded me in the least as I entered, and the captain of the guard nodded as I passed him on my way to the cell that I had formerly occupied. The prisoners extended me a right warm welcome, and after spending some time in conversation with them I came away.

I find that it has been reported from Havana that I was exiled by General Weyler. This report is dated two days after my departure. If it is true that I have been expelled from the island of Cuba, the expelling process must have taken place after my departure. Nearly all the American correspondents had been expelled, and I felt some degree of satisfaction, upon my release from the Morro, to have the judge read me an order not to leave the island, that I was only provisionally released, and must report to him every seven days. I met the judge a week afterwards (on the sidewalk) and reported. Before the next week was up I reported again, telling him I wanted to go home. He said he would ask General Weyler's permission. As I have done many things without Weyler's permission, I took the steamer for home without hearing from the Captain-General or the judge either.

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* Where condemned prisoners are shot.

IN A GARDEN.

IVY.

UPON the walls the graceful Ivy climbs,
And wraps with green the ancient ruin gray;
Romance it is, and these crisp leaves her rhymes
Writ on the granite page of yesterday.

ROSE.

Screening her face of loveliness behind
The garden's leafy curtain, waits the Rose
For the enamoured nightingale to find
A lyric hidden in his book of prose.

PANSY.

Amid the grass one purple Pansy caught,
Looks up with gentle, gracious eyes that seem
To hold the beauty of some fragrant thought
Of summer, and the glory of her dream.

GRASS.

Here is the cloth whereon the dew and sun
Fashion their bright embroideries of bloom;
For dreams a pillow, and, when dreams are done,
A fragrant cover for the dreamless tomb.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE DELIRIUM OF REDDALL.

BY J. K. BANGS.

"SPEAKING of common-sense," said Valentine, as the eaters drew up to the table for their regular weekly dinner, "I have often wondered why it is called common-sense. My observation has taught me that of all the various kinds of sense it is the most uncommon. Cows are about the only living creatures that have it to the extent that it can be called common."

"I am afraid you are right," said Dr. Robinson, with an approving nod; "and yet I ought to be glad, I suppose. If there were more common-sense shown by our patients, we doctors would find our professional returns largely reduced. It is a great help to us in our practice, however. I have saved more lives, probably, by the exercise of that rare quality than I have ever lost through the exercise of my professional skill."

"What an extraordinary confession!" said Mr. Bouverie, the English publisher, who happened to be a guest that evening.

"Yes, perhaps," returned the doctor. "But you must remember, Mr. Bouverie, that I am off duty at this present moment. One can be a great deal more candid when off duty than when on it. And to be even more frank with you, I will share one of my professional secrets with you by telling you of a case I have had recently that has set all the laws of common-sense at defiance."

"Hear! hear!" cried Mr. Bouverie, in true Parliamentary style.

"After the manner of my friend Parker," said the doctor, "I must veil the identity of my patient under an alias. He is too prominent a man to have the story get about in connection with his name, for one thing, and for another thing, a physician has no right to retail to others the professional secrets confided to him. So, if you have no objection, I will begin by saying that the man's name is Jones."

"I object," put in the irrepressible Barlow. "I have a hundred and sixty-two friends named Jones, and one relative equally blest, and if the story isn't good enough to be tacked on to the original owner of it, it isn't good enough to be saddled upon my friends and relative. I don't care much for the relative, of course, but, nevertheless, he must be protected."

"Very well," replied the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye; "we'll let Mr. Barlow give him a name."

"Call him Reddall," said Barlow, quickly. "I know a man named Reddall who has owed me fifty dollars for five years. Anything bad you could say about him would please me."

"Reddall suits me," said the doctor; "and Reddall it shall be. So for the story. Reddall, to begin with, was one of my college chums, and, as far as I have been able to discover, trusts me implicitly, though he does not always take my advice. He was fanciful as a boy, and really seemed to live in a world entirely apart from that in which nature had placed him. He walked about with his head in the clouds, and betrayed every symptom which proclaims the poet. I diagnosed his case within a week of my first meeting with him, and my diagnosis was that he would fail in everything he tried in life, simply because he was impracticable, always mooning, and, as it seemed to me, frittering away his time in cultivating a most immature Muse. Instead of studying, he devoted most of his time to scribbling, which resulted in his taking no higher honors at college than those which pertain to the management of an undergraduate periodical. That he managed this well no one could gainsay. He gave it a very considerable amount of distinction. It was quoted liberally by the professional press, and upon one or two occasions one of the leading New York newspapers gave space to an editorial consideration of the value of its poetry, most of which Reddall wrote himself to fill up odd corners and while the press was waiting. I have known him to write off-hand a very dainty ballad in fifteen minutes, the printer's devil standing at his side, and taking each stanza off to the compositors as Reddall finished it. He had a remarkable gift for writing, but whatever he did showed no capacity for deep thought. Everything was of the very lightest order, but done in a manner suggesting the touch of Dobson.

"I often begged Reddall to give up this kind of stuff upon which he was wasting his talents, and to go in and do the real work for which he was fitted. I called his attention to the fact that by hard study alone could he ever hope to get anything in his head which was worthy of the pen he could wield. His reply to this was always disconcerting. He wanted to be a poet, he said, and he wanted to be an original one. He did not believe in so saturating himself with the thoughts of other writers—writers of a bygone age—that his own thoughts would take on the quality of theirs, and, indeed, become so mixed up with theirs that he could not distinguish his own conceptions from those of other people. Indeed, he once scribbled off a quatrain in my presence, while I was lecturing him upon the subject, which strongly resembled one which was printed in a magazine a few years ago, in which the writer said:

> "'*In misery most deep am I immersed.*
> *I'm saturated so with Shakespeare's wine*
> *I really cannot tell—and hence am cursed—*
> *Which thoughts are gentle Will's and which are mine.*'"

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Bouverie. "What abominable conceit!"

Jemmison got red in the face, and Jackson laughed.

"Be careful, Mr. Bouverie," said the host. "The man who mixed himself up with the immortal William is one of us. Jemmison wrote that."

"Indeed?" returned the Englishman, turning to the poet. "Well, of course Mr. Jemmison must know that I spoke hastily. I did not mean abominable conceit; what I should have said was an admirable conceit, Mr. Jemmison. Deuced clever."

"Thank you," said Jemmison. "Wouldn't you like to bring it out in book form for me, Mr. Bouverie?"

"I beg pardon," said the Englishman, with a puzzled frown. "A—ah—a quatrain in book form?"

This was too much for the assembled diners, who burst out into a most hilarious guffaw, in which, after a moment's pause, Mr. Bouverie himself joined, although it was quite apparent, from the expression on his face, that he hadn't the slightest notion of what he was laughing at, unless, perchance, it might be at the expense of Jemmison.

"Of course," resumed the doctor, when the hilarity had subsided, "I found this very discouraging. A man who will take such a perverse view of things as did Jones—"

"Reddall!" interrupted Barlow.

"Excuse me," said the doctor. "A man who will take such a perverse view of things as did Reddall is not open to reason, and I gave him up for a bad case then and there. Time went on and we were graduated, Reddall, probably one of the most brilliant men of the class, bringing up at the rear end so far as grade was concerned. Then he plunged into what he called a literary career. It was as wild and erratic as the careering of a runaway horse. There was nothing stable—"

"Ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Bouverie, who apparently thought the doctor was getting off some joke about there being nothing stable in the careering of a runaway horse. The doctor frowned, and disclaiming any intent to be humorous after the manner of *Punch*, went on:

"There was nothing solid about his successes. They were the successes of an ill-informed clever man in his twenties. He was continually giving out and never taking in. In his conceit he imagined that he could keep it up indefinitely, and it was not until Reddall got to be thirty that he began to see his mistake. He discovered, as everybody who thinks is bound to discover, that it is all very well to be clever in the twenties, but that when a man comes to be thirty it is time for him to bear out the promises his friends and admirers have made for him. The cleverer he has been at twenty-five, too, the more is expected of him at thirty-five. And Reddall at thirty began to see that he was running around a little circle of unimportant ideas in his writings; that his powers, if he had any, needed re-enforcement from outside sources; in short, that he had lived on his wits as long as he could.

"Up to this time he had been moderately addicted to the wine cup, but when he woke up to the true realization of himself it made him blue as indigo, and I began to notice, with some misgivings, that his potations grew stronger and more frequent. Whatever Reddall set about doing he did with great assiduity, and I was afraid that if he began drinking he would follow his plan and drink thoroughly. So I warned him, in my double capacity of physician and friend, to exercise a little common-sense in the matter of drink, and advised him, as I had often advised before, that he make up for his lost time at college, in his first decade of literary usefulness, by study. He needed mental and not physical stimulant.

"'I need both,' said he, with a sigh, when I told him this. 'I don't know what is to become of me, doc,' he added. 'I've done a lot of pretty good work for a boy, but I'm a man now, and the putting away of childish things is about the hardest task I ever had set before me.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'my advice to you is to drink as little as you can, and study as much as you can, with due regard for your physical strength. Much good can come from the study; no good can come from the liquid refreshment.'

"Then he began. He plunged into the wildest kind of dissipation in both kinds of stimulant. He read more than was good for him, and I predicted the direst kind of future for him. His writing improved a great deal, and the effects of his reading soon began to show themselves; but through all that he did I could trace the handle of the whiskey jug. Time and time again I remonstrated with him; he would promise to reform, and then go back to his vice again.

"One night, about a year ago, I dropped in to see him, and found him pacing up and down the floor as nervous as an amateur Hamlet. He seemed to have reached the point that I had most dreaded. He had every symptom of a man on the verge of delirium.

"'I'm a spectacle for the gods, am I not?' said Reddall, with a forced laugh, as I entered the room. 'In fact, I'm a regular pair of spectacles.'

"'You certainly are a pair of spectacles for me,' I replied. 'I can see through you without difficulty. You've come to just what I told you you would come to if you ignored my advice.'

"'Well, what of it?' he retorted, with a frown. 'What do I care? I've wasted my life, and it might as well end this way as any other; and if it doesn't end after I've had my delirium I can write it up. "The Fauna and Flora of the Brandywine" will make a capital title, and the mental zoo I'll have will be quite entertaining.'

"This was said with a hysterical laugh, with which I felt like mingling my tears.

"'Look here, Bob,' I said, firmly, 'this won't do; this is a very serious matter, and you *must* brace up. What's the use of ruining yourself in this way?'

"'I am not ruining myself,' he answered. 'I am making myself. If I let up on my stimulants I can't write, and, what is worse, I can't read. It's all your fault. You've made me so crazy about reading that I must read and study to live, and I can't read and study without drinking, and that's all there is about it. Give me something to quiet me down, and I'll be all right in the morning. If you don't I'll go crazy altogether, for I haven't slept for hours.'

"I prescribed for him, and after he had calmed down a bit I got him to go to bed. In a short while he was asleep, and I availed myself of the opportunity to throw away all the whiskey and brandy I could find in his rooms. Then I went off, intending to call upon him next morning. Professional duties interfered, however, with this, and it was not until the evening that I got to his rooms again. And when I got there I found him past the point and quite into the delirious state I had predicted. As I entered the room I saw him sitting bolt upright in his chair and gazing fixedly at something in the corner.

"'It's come at last!' I said to myself. As I stepped to his side he turned easily enough to me, and greeted me as pleasantly as if there were nothing the matter with him.

"'Glad you've come,' he said. 'I was getting lonesome.'

"Then he half-closed his eyes and gazed curiously at the corner again, and I knew that he saw there something that was to me invisible. However, as he said nothing about it, I deemed it for the best to wait awhile before I broached the subject myself.

"'How do you feel to-night?' I asked.

"'Fine as silk,' he replied, looking me full in the face. As he spoke his lips twitched a little, and his eyes suddenly grew round and bulging. He averted them in a minute, and seemed to follow with his glance something that moved slowly over the rug, after which, to my complete mystification, he smiled slightly.

"'That draught you gave me last night did me a world of good,' he said. 'I slept like a top. Must have slept too soundly, in fact, for some beast of a midnight marauder got in here and stole the contents of my sideboard.'

"'It wasn't any beast of a midnight marauder, Bob,' I answered. 'I did that, and I did it for your good.'

"'Humph!' he said, shrugging his shoulders. 'You don't know as much as you think you do. For my good! See here, doctor, don't you make any mistake. This thing is going to turn out to be the best thing I ever did, and I want you to keep your hands off. If I am let alone now to go my own way I'll make a name for myself, and I've got to be let alone, too. Do you understand that? I've got to be let alone. I have the means to achieve success, and I'm not going to let you or anybody else interfere.'

"'You mean that your potations give you ideas. Well, it has done so to others; but you mark my words, the literature that comes from drugs or drink is drugged literature, and the ravings of an inebriate at the best. You have your own career to shape for yourself. My duty is done when I advise you that your course is one of desolation and ruin. You may go your way without any interference from me, until you ask me for it, and then you shall have my services cheerfully.'

"Several weeks passed, and I heard nothing from him, until one day I received a note asking me to come around to his rooms that night without fail. He wished particularly to see me. I was pleased to think that he had come to his senses at last, and you may be sure that I was on hand at the stipulated hour. And what a revelation of the perversity of things I had that night! His delirium had come, but instead of bringing with it that horrible state of affairs I had predicted, it seemed to have in its train nothing but pleasantness and delight for Reddall.

"When I got to his apartment I found it brilliantly lit, and, seated on the table, smoking a cigar, his legs swinging easily to and fro, sat Reddall, laughing heartily; and when his laugh was over, he began to talk rationally and brilliantly about poetry to the empty air. As soon as he noted my presence, which he had failed to do immediately, he got down from the table and came toward me holding out his hand.

"'Doctor,' he said, 'I've asked you here to-night to confound you. Is this desolation? Is this ruin? Is this unhappiness? Look around the room and tell me what you see.'

"'What is there to see, Reddall?' I asked, uneasily.

"'My guests,' he replied. 'Do you see them?'

"'Perhaps I do,' I replied.

"'Oh, come, Robinson,' he said. 'Drop your doctor's nonsense and tell the truth. I know you don't see them, but I do, and they're a fine crowd. Delirium of this kind suits me to a T, and your prophecy that I would ruin my life wasn't worth the breath you expended in making it. Your common-sense isn't worth tuppence. Where would I have been now if I'd exercised common-sense and stopped drinking? Would I have been blessed with this? Not I. I'd have been collecting rejected manuscripts, my boy, while now the world is mine.'

"'You are the first man I ever met who enjoyed the horrors,' I said.

"'I don't credit myself with any originality on that score,' returned Reddall. ''Cause why? Because through some piece of mighty good luck my horrors are not horrors at all, but hilarities, and profitable ones at that.'

"'Indeed?' said I, knowing hardly what to say.

"'Truly so,' said Reddall. 'For they are not made up of beasts and birds and creeping things, my boy, but of men; and above all men are they since they include no less persons than Balzac, Thackeray, Goethe, and the immortal Shakespeare himself.'"

"What brand of whiskey did Reddall use?" asked Barlow.

"I don't know; and if I did I wouldn't tell you, Caddy. You would be spoiled if you ever became a genius," said the doctor. "But that was the effect his reading and his drinking had. His delirium materialized the illustrious beings of the past, and, what was worse, on Reddall's statement to me, they were all unusually affable and willing to give him the benefit of their brains.

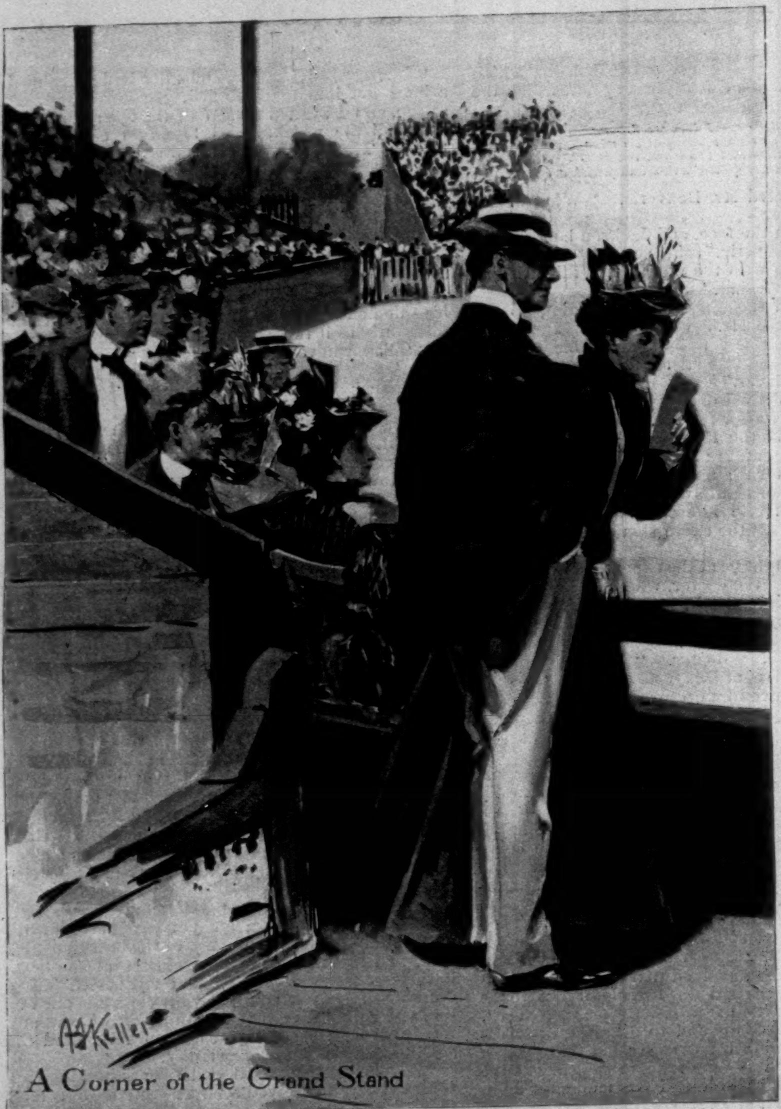
"'So that all I have to do now to turn out a great piece of work,' said my patient, 'is to sit down while they dictate to me.'"

"How strange!" ejaculated Mr. Bouverie.

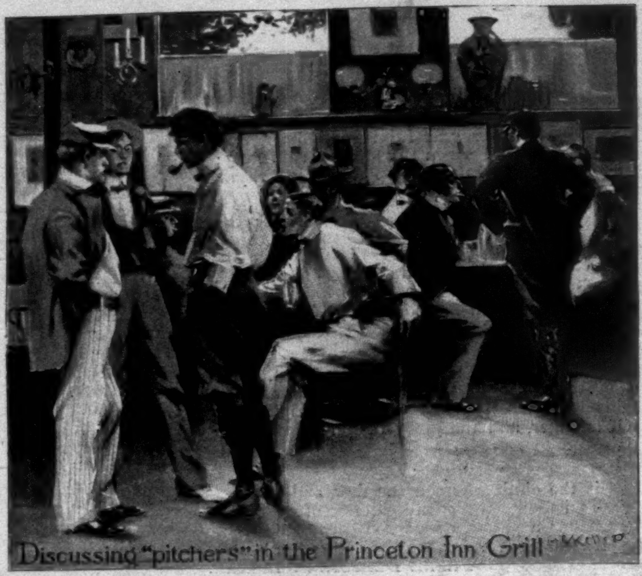
"Very," said the doctor; "and the worst feature of the whole business is that it works well, for Reddall has not reformed, and he is doing the finest work he ever did, and making a fortune out of it into the bargain."

"I don't think that is a very moral story," said Valentine. "Nobody would print a story like that who had any regard for the feelings of his readers."

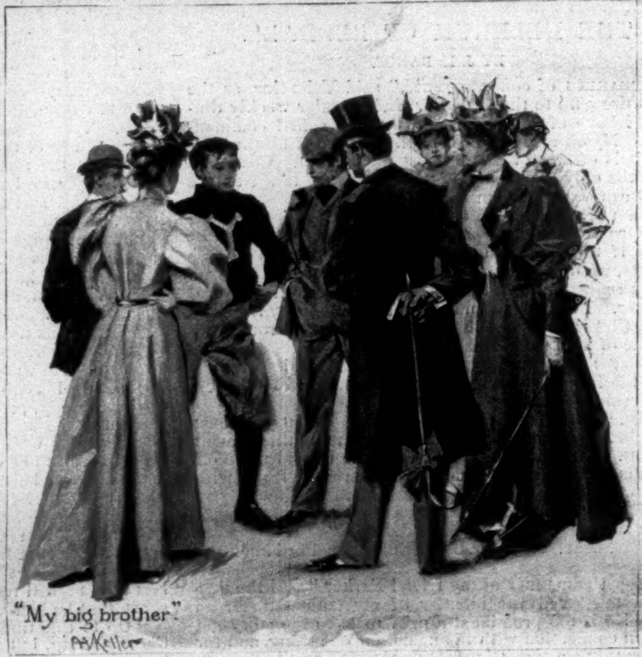
"It isn't moral as it stands," returned the doctor, "but it will be when we get to the climax. Reddall hasn't reached the climax yet, but he will, and it will involve one of two things—an asylum or an obituary. It's an even thing which he'll get first."



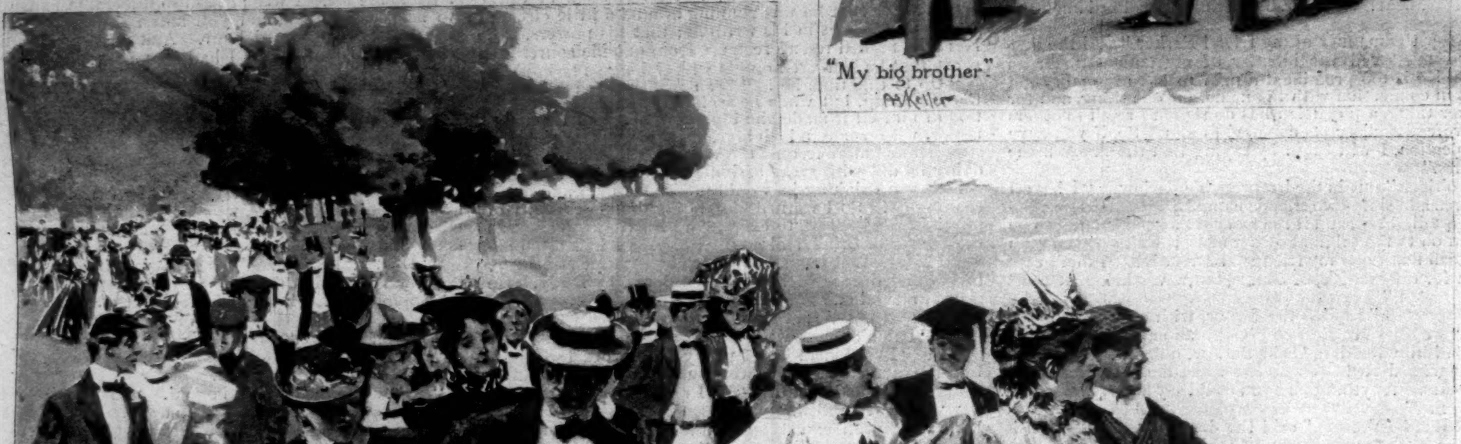
A Corner of the Grand Stand



Discussing "pitchers" in the Princeton Inn Grill



"My big brother."

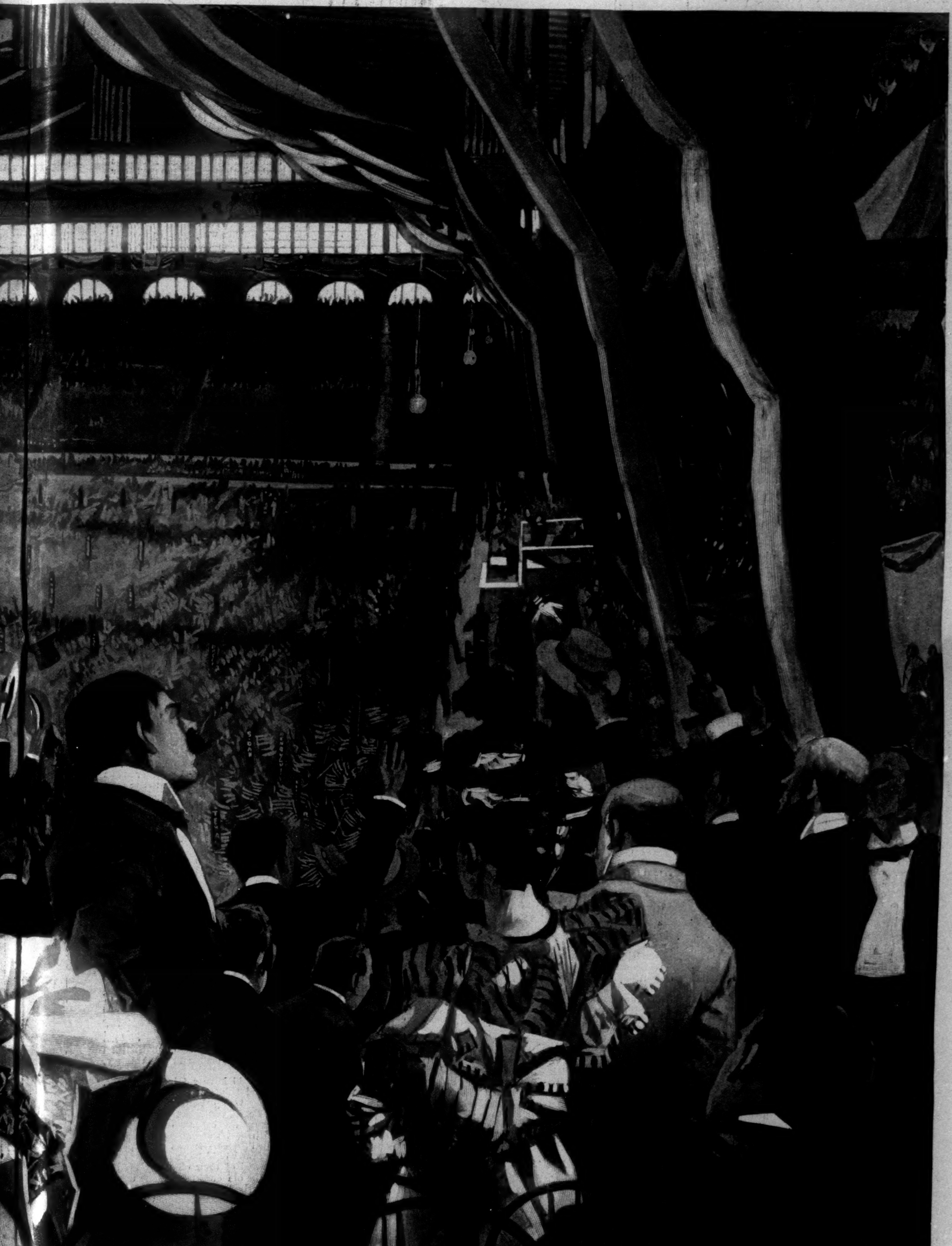


Going to the Game

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF INTER-COLLEGIATE BASEBALL.—Drawn by A. I. Keller.—[See "Amateur Sport," Page 717.]

HARPER'S

B. HILL



ILL PEAKING AGAINST THE FREE SILVER HERESY.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 714.]

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, NOMINATED ON A SILVER PLATFORM.

THE Convention which met at Chicago on Tuesday, July 7, and continued its sessions through five days, nominated William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, for President, and Arthur Sewall, of Maine, for Vice-President, upon a free-silver platform.

The nomination of Bryan was the culmination of a long and spirited struggle between a number of candidates, in which at the beginning Richard P. Bland, of Missouri, had the best position. Bryan made his first impression on the convention on Thursday, when, owing to the hoarseness of the Chairman of the Committee on platform, he was assigned to make the closing argument in support of the committee's report. He is a brilliant speech-maker of the class especially admired in the South, and his oration, which was full of striking metaphor, held his twenty thousand hearers spellbound. As the last period fell from his lips—"You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold"—there was an instant's hush, and then a storm burst forth whose fury seemed to sweep everything before it. The convention seemed suddenly to have gone mad. The cheers which rent the air utterly smothered the music of the powerful band in the gallery. Hats, coats, flags, canes, umbrellas, handkerchiefs, newspapers, and everything else that could be thrown aloft or waved wildly were brought into use. Bedlam reigned for a long time, and even after an enforced lull it broke forth afresh at every mention of Bryan's name. On the following day, when the balloting began, the weaker candidates dropped out by degrees, their broken support dividing itself between Bland and Bryan, till, after the fourth ballot, the announcement was made that Bryan's total had risen to 280 votes against Bland's 241. Then followed a stampede to Bryan, which ended in his nomination.

It is but fair to say that Mr. Bryan's nomination was not solely due to his speech before the convention, though that was the lever that set the whole machinery in motion. Other conditions were favorable to the nomination of a man of his general stamp. No Democrat of the extreme school of Bland could have carried off the prize; none of recent Republican antecedents, like Boies, could have won it. The convention was too Populistic to recognize straight Democracy except in name, yet it was just Democratic enough to despise everything of doubtful party pedigree. Many delegates felt that the time was ripe for such a candidate as Senator Teller would have made but for his late affiliations. To the Teller sentiment Bryan fell heir. His record of partisan loyalty is without flaw, yet he reads all the articles of his Democratic faith through Populistic spectacles.

The convention at Chicago differed from its counterpart at St. Louis in this essential particular—that at St. Louis the candidate for President had been, for all intents, selected in advance, leaving nothing in controversy but the currency plank of the platform, whereas at Chicago the currency plank of the platform was the one great feature substantially settled before the convention met, and the delegates, when they came together, were divided into a dozen factions in their support of candidates.

The Chicago convention presented a spectacle at once dramatic and pathetic. As truly as the St. Louis convention, its work was done in obedience to an overwhelming popular demand; for no one who has passed much time of late in the South and West can have failed to observe the strong current of public sentiment toward the reversal of our present national financial system, and the establishment of the free and unlimited coinage of silver as the law of the land. Viewed from that side, even a wild economic heresy acquires a certain dignity. The pathetic phase came out most strongly through the medium of historical contrast, when the observer looked upon this eager, noisy, overheated mass of men, struggling with a profound scientific question of which most of them knew as little as the Tartars know of electricity, and called up beside it a mental picture of the same party, in the days of Jefferson and Madison, reasoning out the philosophy of the ideal republic. It was not a boss-led crowd in any sense. In fact, with one or two exceptions, no State had sent a machine-made delegation to the convention to vote for free coinage. One of these exceptions was Illinois, whose mouth-piece, John P. Altgeld, with his sharply chiselled French Revolution face, his high, ringing voice, his bitter vehemence of manner, and his facility for epithet, was the most picturesque figure in the assemblage. Whether the Altgeld machine reflected or distorted the sentiment of a majority of the party in his State will remain an open question, at least until election day. Whatever the facts may be as to the way the delegation was made up, no one could listen to the flow of natural eloquence from Altgeld's lips without feeling that here was a guiding spirit in the lower social plane of any community in which he might dwell. He manifestly understood the weaknesses of human nature, and knew how to play on them with satanic shrewdness. No personality in the convention was less obtrusively in evidence than he; no orator was more eagerly heard when he spoke; none knew so well in what order to spring his half-truths at his audience, and where to shut off the stream; none measured with such cleverness the meaning of the plaudits in response, or realized so promptly when he had reached a climax which he could safely cap with a bit of his keen invective. One could not help marking him, at short notice, as the most dangerous influence in the convention—the stamp of agitator who, when the bludgeon had failed of its full work, would be ready with his poisoned knife, and who, in leading a victory-drunken mob, would not hesitate to follow pillage with the torch.

The opposite type of leadership—which, if the truth be told, had the largest representation in the convention—was found in James K. Jones, the Senator from Arkansas. He is no concocter of schemes; his wit in that direction is as dull as Altgeld's is sharp. His powers of persuasion are limited to a few blunt statements, often emotionally exaggerated in expression, but sincere in substance. His oratory carries no concealed explosives. All that he has to fight with is in plain sight. He does not know how to reach an end by indirection. He cuts and crushes, but never stabs. He is plain, clumsy, sometimes uncouth. Nature unfitted him for strategy and the ambuscade. He is dangerous only in the daylight, and because of the multitude he may number in his wrong-headed following.

For the most part, as has been intimated, the State delegations counted in the silver column were there by grace of a mania which, however absurd, had actually and seriously smitten the common people. Those from the South were generally victims of the delusions growing out of the quantitative theory of money; their arguments were full of a specious philosophy very captivating to the half-educated mind, and had a certain altruistic flavor withal, as if the individual fortunes of the authors had nothing to do with the matter, but the principle everything.

The West sent no philosophers, but a sturdy lot of fighters for what they considered their concrete rights. They were sectional extremists, as a rule. The East had all the money-lenders; it was time the Western borrower were given his say. The East had been allowed to furnish a Presidential candidate for every campaign since the war; the day had arrived for passing the honor over to the West. The East was the weak-willed slave of European capital; the West must now have a chance to give the country an American ticket on an American platform. The "Wall Street banker," when he had the prairie farmer under his thumb, was ready enough to force any kind of money upon him at high-interest rates; it was time that the farmer obtained a like option as to the form of currency in which he should pay back the loan. Even before the delegates began to gather in Chicago, it must have been obvious to every one who had candidly looked over the field that the sound-money cause was hopeless.

Nevertheless, a group of Eastern Democrats who were committed to the single gold standard, under existing conditions at all events, headed by the New York delegation, placed themselves under the leadership of William C. Whitney, and resolved to give battle to the free-silver host before accepting the inevitable. Next to killing your enemy, they argued, the most satisfactory way of disposing of him is to inspire somebody else to kill him.

The majority must have its own way in the end, of course, but there was no reason why, in the mean while, it should not be provoked into making such an exhibition of itself as would insure its being slaughtered at the polls by a disgusted public. It was on this theory that Senator Hill was put forward, about a week before the convention opened, as a candidate for temporary chairman. The election of a temporary chairman is the first business of any convention, and both factions were desirous of making their test of strength at the earliest possible moment. Hill was selected as the candidate of the sound-money Democrats, not because he had a very good record on which to run, but because he enjoyed a certain kind of surface popularity among delegates of the class who make more of party than of anything else. Ordinarily the selection of the temporary chairman is a mere matter of form.

The chairman of the National Committee presents the name of the candidate chosen by the committee, and the convention ratifies the choice by acclamation. On this occasion nothing of the sort would answer. The free-silver advocates declared that, though they had been a minority for many years, they were at last in control of a convention, and they purposed not to release their grip from first to last. All appeals in Hill's behalf, on personal grounds and because of his loyalty to the party organization, were wasted on deaf ears.

The election of Senator Daniel to preside showed each of the contending forces what it must face in the other. The vote of 556 to 349 was only an approximate statement of the relative strength of the factions, but it was nearly enough correct to serve as a basis for general calculations. It was obvious that even if the unit rule were wiped out in those State delegations whose members were divided in sentiment, the silver people would still lack the two-thirds necessary to nominate. The deficit was made good, however, by the Committee on Credentials, which unseated the gold delegates from Nebraska in a body, and admitted the silver contestants, and made enough changes in the representation of certain Michigan districts to transform the silver minority into a majority, and thus put the unit rule into operation for the benefit of the silver cause in defiance of the intent of the State convention. No protests availed to prevent the convention from adopting the report of the Committee on Credentials, which, besides the changes already noted, proposed certain others, the total effect being to give the silver men their necessary two-thirds and complete supremacy

In one respect the convention, with all its follies and all its errors, did itself credit. It drank in with rapture the ingenious logic of Altgeld, it greeted with cheers and tears the impassioned appeal of Jones; it went into a frenzy over the eloquence of Bryan; but it treated the self-important blackguardism of Tillman with deserved contempt.

Senator Hill's share in the proceedings of the convention was thoroughly characteristic from first to last. He recognized the crisis as historic, and knew that the names of all who bore a conspicuous part in meeting it would live in the annals of the party. He was quite willing to be put forward as a champion of the cause of sound money, and as the tactical expert of his delegation, and up to Thursday night he did effective service, but all in the line of political art, of which he is a past master. Putting the enemy "in a hole" by luring the convention into voting down a resolution of confidence in the Cleveland administration, he placed it in an attitude of hostility to the Democratic party at large; he forced it, by an adverse vote on a resolution protecting existing contracts from violation under future free-coinage legislation, to pronounce by implication in favor of repudiation; while, through another vote, refusing to return to the gold standard if after a year's trial of free coinage silver failed to maintain its parity with gold, made it display itself as reckless, intractable, indifferent to the consequence of its own acts.

But when the showy strategic uses of his position had been exhausted, and it came to sharing with his delegation the scoffs and jeers of the rabble, Mr. Hill was no longer in evidence. The delegation had named him for its spokesman to announce that it would take no part in putting Democratic candidates upon a Populistic platform. At the crucial moment it was discovered that he was not in his seat, and ex-Governor Flower had to take his place. The possible embarrassment of this final ordeal Mr. Hill had not the courage to face.

Mr. Bryan's personal character, it is safe to predict, will stand all the tests of a hard-fought campaign. He is cleanly in his private life, upright in his business dealings, a model husband and father. He is approachable, sweet-tempered, generous of heart. Doubtless he comes as near to being a silverite from intellectual conviction as any man of equal intelligence; and the slight taint of the demagogue in his blood, called into eruption now and then by popular adulation, will account for whatever in his economic attitude is otherwise unexplained.

But it is not on exemplary habits and good citizenship alone that we draw the dividing line between the men of whom we do and the men of whom we do not make Presidents. Even if we add grace of presence, a winning voice, and a command of forcible imagery in speech, we still may find many things lacking for our ideal. Mr. Bryan, with all his virtues and all his charms, has thus far in his public career given no evidence of the executive capacity, the self poise, the sturdy judgment, the inflexible will, which in these trying times distinguish a real President from a political figure head. Unless within the next four months he develops traits of which he has shown no sign before, the attractions of his rhetoric and his good-fellowship will pale by contrast with some of the sterner qualities which he ought to but does not possess. And that element of the Democratic party who selected the Presidential idol for this year's worship will discover too late the difference between solid timber and mere beauty of veneer.

Besides the Populist Convention which meets on July 22 at St. Louis, and which from present appearances will endorse the Democratic ticket, another national convention may have still to be reckoned with. Senator Gray, of Delaware, has been made chairman of a committee consisting of representatives of each of the delegations that contained sound-money men, and he and his colleagues are instructed to test public sentiment in the several States, and to ascertain whether it will be advisable to set up a sound-money Democratic organization in all or any of them. On the report of this committee will depend the question of a new party and a new ticket to contest the honors of November.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

SUMMER MIST.

IN filmy skeins of amethyst,
  That drift about in pensive folds
As fine as silk, the morning mist
  Becurtains all the flowered wolds.

In pennons sinuous and free
  It lingers on the crystal stream,
And seems the gauzy drapery
  Of some entrancing fairy dream.

I watch it lightly swirl and twist
  Before the sun in languid ease,
Till, by the rosy zephyr kissed,
  It frays asunder by degrees.

So round the field it bends and veers
  Serenely to the wind's caress,
Till suddenly it disappears,
  Dissolved to airy nothingness.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE CAMEL.

BY GENERAL R. W. JOHNSON, U.S.A.

PRIOR to the late war there were no railroads in Texas nor in New Mexico, and all the supplies for the use of the troops at posts in that State and Territory had to be transported from Indianola or Corpus Christi, points on the Gulf coast, by mule teams. There were several intervals along the route of from eighty to one hundred miles in extent which were entirely destitute of water. To get over these with as little suffering as possible to the animals it was customary to start from the last water about sundown and travel until about 10 o'clock next day; then go into camp and remain till the cool of the evening, when the journey would be renewed and continued until water was reached, usually about noon on the second day. It was a noticeable fact that when the trains came within a mile of the water the mules would prick up their ears, bray, and start on a full run, which they would keep up till the water was reached. To avoid this hardship to the animals and to supply these arid regions with water so that they might be settled up by farmers or stock-raisers, Mr. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, asked Congress for an appropriation to enable him to have a number of artesian wells bored in these waterless areas. The appropriation was granted, and Captain John Pope, of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, subsequently Major-General, was placed in charge of the work, which was prosecuted during the summer of 1857. Several wells were bored, and it was claimed that water was reached, but not in sufficient force to bring it to the surface, so the experiment was practically a failure. Mr. Davis then became impressed with the belief that the introduction of camels into this country would obviate the difficulty, as they can go without water for a week or more. To test it Congress granted an appropriation, and Captain H. C. Wayne, of the quartermaster's department, was ordered to the Mediterranean to purchase about one hundred, and it is said that their average cost, landed in this country, was about $1000 each.

That the experiment should have a fair trial, Arabs, familiar with the wants and habits of the animals, were brought over with them. Camp Verde, about eighty miles from San Antonio, Texas, was selected as the place for the experiment, because the climate of Texas was more like that from which they were brought than any other portion of the United States. It was not expected that the camels brought over would be of any great service, but much was expected of their offspring bred in this country. However, the old ones were made use of, and the result was eminently satisfactory. I remember to have seen one *en route* from San Antonio to Camp Verde, bearing on his back thirty-five sacks of oats, each sack containing two bushels, and the whole pack weighing over twenty-five hundred pounds. Under this weight he moved rapidly, and made the round trip without water.

A number of these animals were turned over to Lieutenant Beale, commander of an expedition to explore for a wagon road from New Mexico to California. In his report he says: "An important part in all our operations has been acted by the camels. Without the aid of this noble and useful brute, many hardships which we have been spared would have fallen to our lot; and our admiration for them has increased day by day, as some new hardship, endured patiently, more fully developed their entire adaptation and usefulness in the exploration of the wilderness. Starting with a full determination that the experiment should be no half-way one, I have subjected them to trials which no other animal could possibly have endured, and yet I have arrived not only without the loss of a camel, but they are admitted, by those who saw them in Texas, to be in as good condition to-day as when we left San Antonio. In all our lateral explorations they have carried water, sometimes for more than a week, for the mules used by the men, themselves never receiving even a bucketful. They have traversed patiently, with heavy packs, on these explorations, countries covered with the sharpest volcanic rock, and yet their feet to this hour have evinced no symptom of tenderness or injury. With heavy packs they have crossed mountains, ascended and descended precipitous places where an unladen mule found it difficult to pass, even with the assistance of the rider, dismounted and carefully picking its way. Leaving home with all the prejudice attaching to an untried experiment, and with many in our camp opposed to their use, and looking forward confidently to their failure, I believe, at this time, I may speak for every man in our party when I say there is not one of them who would not prefer the most indifferent of our camels to four of our best mules, and I look forward hopefully to the time when they will be in general use in all parts of our country."

The trial given by Lieutenant Beale clearly established the fact that the camels could adapt themselves to the climate and country, and be as faithful and useful as they are in crossing the burning deserts of their native land.

I believe, under the agreement of General Twiggs, these animals were surrendered to the Confederates, by whom some were sold; others escaped to the hills and plains of Arizona. The Hualapais region received not a few of them, and here, in a climate where the sun shines as hot as on their native Saharas and no bad substitute for the sirocco blows in its season, they have flourished and multiplied.

The Indians are familiar with the "new buffalo," as they call the camel, and tell wonderful stories about its speed and endurance. Those purchased by Captain Wayne were of the carrying or burden variety, but their sojourn in the Hualapais has developed in their offspring all of the characteristics of the dromedary or saddle-camel of the Arabs. Lighter and cleaner in form than its progenitor, the present camel of the Hualapais can proudly challenge comparison with the ancient and gentle strain from which springs the pride of the sheik and the pet of the Arab household. The camel of the Hualapais occupies a region east of the great horse range, but within the Hualapais hills. They prefer the sheltered valleys to the open stretch of plain, and their favorite food is the fruit of the wild peach-tree, which grows in great profusion in their favorite habitat. In the early fall the fruit falls to the earth, and is soon, by the action of the rarefied air of the section, and sun, thoroughly dried without decay or deterioration. It is then that the transplanted camel feeds the most greedily upon it. The animals do not herd together in great numbers, the male, the female, and their own particular offspring forming a select circle of their own. In the region occupied by these animals lie almost unlimited possibilities, and the time will come when the Hualapais hills will furnish homes for thousands of families, and among their valuable domestic animals the American-raised Arabian camel will hold a proud prominence. Many of our deserts have been penetrated and crossed by railroads, but there are many sections of the country that will not be so favored for many years, if ever, and to the people occupying these remote regions the camel would prove a useful and valuable addition to their beasts of burden.

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WHAT energy and local interest have done for the Lake, the New England, and the Pacific Coast cutter service, New York enterprise has more than seconded in the handsome craft for which Congress made provision in the sum of $250,000.

The new boat will be bark rigged; will be 219 feet long over all; have an extreme beam of 33½ feet; and draw, upon a displacement of 1300 tons, a trifle over 14 feet of water. Like her two modern, sea-going classmates, she will be of composite build—*i. e.*, her frames throughout will be of steel, together with her hull plating from the berth-deck line up, while her bottom and bilges will be of yellow-pine planking, lapping, for a mean height of two feet, the plating above the load-line coppered to minimize the growth of barnacles and sea-grass, and so fastened to the frames and plating beneath that galvanic action may not ensue.

In hull the vessel will be a duplicate of the Pacific Coast cutter No. 3, the model being one promising a happy combination of sailing and steaming qualities of an excellent order; but in rig the added spread of something over five hundred square feet of canvas will give the local craft a slight superiority in sailing speed.

The steam motive power will consist of a triple-expansion engine actuating a single 12-foot screw. The high-pressure, intermediate, and low-pressure cylinders having respective diameters of 25, 37½, and 56¼ inches, and a uniform stroke of 2½ feet, and developing, together with the main auxiliaries, a collective indicated horse-power of 2000 when making 160 revolutions a minute, and inducing a speed of 16 knots an hour.

Four steel boilers of the fire-tube type, each having a length of 10 feet and a diameter of 11½, will supply the needful steam at a working pressure of 160 pounds; and forced draught will be induced by two blowers exhausting into the common closed fire-room, the air supply for each of the eight corrugated furnaces being under separate control. Aside from the distilling plant, capable of furnishing a daily supply of 4000 gallons of drinking-water, six tanks, with a total capacity of 4600 gallons, will hold a constant reserve in case of mechanical failure.

The anchors will be handled by steam; and the ashes will be raised and discharged without tax upon the fire-room crew, whose efforts are otherwise eased by mechanical provisions facilitating the passing of coal and the slicing of the fires under forced conditions. At full speed, under steam only, the vessel will make at least 16 knots an hour; and at a cruising speed of 10 knots her coal supply of 265 tons should enable her to go

(*Continued on page 716.*)

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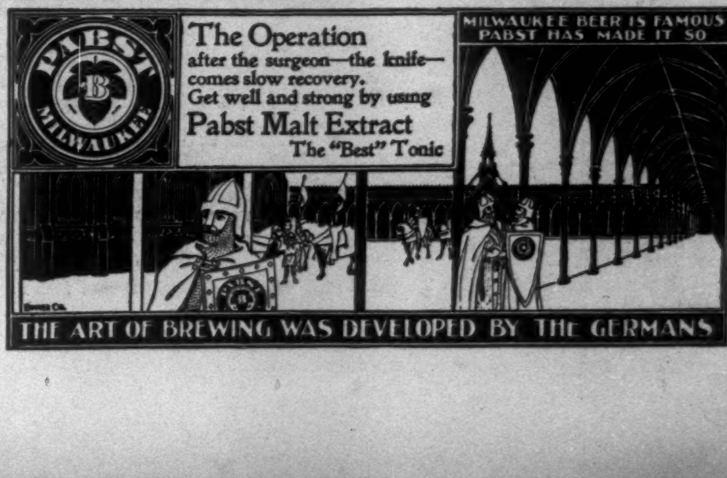
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The Operation
after the surgeon—the knife—comes slow recovery.
Get well and strong by using
Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic

(*Continued from page 715.*)

nearly 3500 miles. Under sail and steam combined her possibilities are greater.

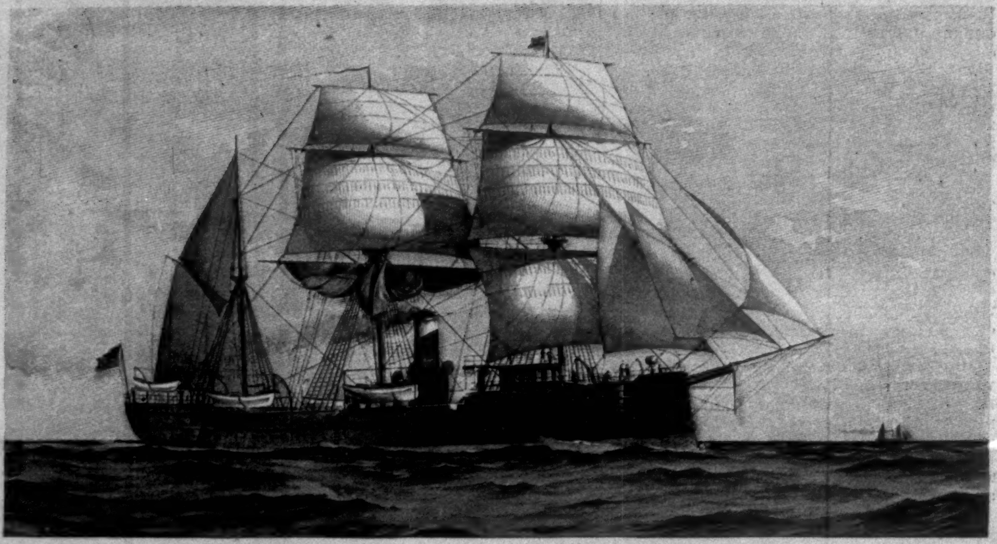
The captain's quarters will consist of a forward and an after cabin, two state-rooms, two baths, four locker-seat berths, and an office. In the wardroom, just below on the berth-deck, there will be eight comfortable state-rooms, four locker-seat berths, two baths, a lounging-room, and a separate dining-room. Forward, for the steerage officers, there will be four state-rooms and a mess-room, and ample berthing space without for the crew of fifty.

In everything contributive to efficiency, habitability, and comfort the vessel will be typically modern; while there will be ample space for a larger complement, and storage for the munitions of naval service should she be called into requisition in that capacity.

With a view to possible naval co-operation, the peace-time battery of four 6-pounder Hotchkiss guns, in sponsons, could be heavily augmented by a main battery of six 4-inch rapid-fire rifles, three in each broadside on the main-deck, and a secondary force of several more small guns of light calibre; and the efficiency of the boat, so armed, for blockading or commerce-destroying would be unquestionably great. To this potential battery would be added, in war-time, launching and handling mechanisms for the ordinarily harmless and empty bow torpedo-tube.

May it not be asked why these boats should not make excellent drill ships for the naval militias of the seaboard States? With the slight added cost of their possible batteries, the vessels would always be within reasonable reach, while the presence of the 4-inch guns would offer excellent practice for the cutter-service seamen, upon whom we might rely with excellent assurances. An engine and dynamo of sufficient output will generate the electrical force for the bow search-light and the numerous incandescent lamps.

Few, indeed, realize the unceasing activity of the revenue-cutter service, and fewer still know what is compassed by the protection to the customs revenue, not to mention the assistance of distressed vessels, the enforcement of quarantine regulations, the enforcement of navigation and neutrality laws, the protection of wrecked property, and the suppression of mutinies on board merchant vessels. Yet this service, for wellnigh a century, has gone on in an unobtrusive manner, making a daily practical record of unfailing usefulness; and right worthily is it deserving of every modern instrument that may widen its field and make surer its mission of manifold protection.



UNITED STATES REVENUE-CUTTER "NO. 4," FOR NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY R. G. SKERRETT.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895, this fleet of thirty-six small craft covered a distance of 310,660 miles —an *average* somewhat greater than that of our commissioned navy of forty-one vessels in the same period; and with substantial consequences, resulting in boarding and examining 23,726 craft, seizing and reporting 451 for violations of law, and imposing upon them penalties amounting to $176,433 45, and in assisting 122 vessels in distress, the aggregate value of which, together with their cargoes, was $1,081,592—not mentioning the incidental protection to the 686 persons on board. Of the cruising record, 9633 miles were on purely life-saving duty, resulting in a saving of 43 souls.

The average yearly expenditure for a decade past would make the estimate for this single year somewhere below $950,000, and if we add to the collected penalties the value of the property saved—without considering whatever the imperilled persons and the lives saved—there alone are material benefits that more than justify the annual outlay.

ROBERT G. SKERRETT.

THE INCIDENT OF THE PRINCE OF ORLEANS.

THE peculiarity of the position of Prince Henri of Orleans lies in this, that he has come to the front as the advocate of French colonization. Prince Henri was born at Ham, England, in 1867, and he is the eldest son of Robert of Orleans, Duke of Chartres. Educated for a military career, but the law of 1866 preventing his entering the school of Saint-Cyr, the Prince then became a traveller, and as an explorer of central Asia distinguished himself.

The first attention directed towards Prince Henri was when he penetrated into the interior of Madagascar, and wrote up plans of French colonization for the island in the *Revue de Paris*. Two years ago this adventurous young man made out a route from China to India through the passes of Tibet, and geographers to-day are trying to find out whether the road tracked out by him has not certain advantages over the one worked out by his English rival, Captain Younghusband.

For meritorious services the Geographical Society of Paris awarded Prince Henri its highest tribute, the gold medal. More than that, he was named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the republican government, and at the Sorbonne, on the occasion of the presentation of the red ribbon, the young man was greeted by the acclamations of thousands.

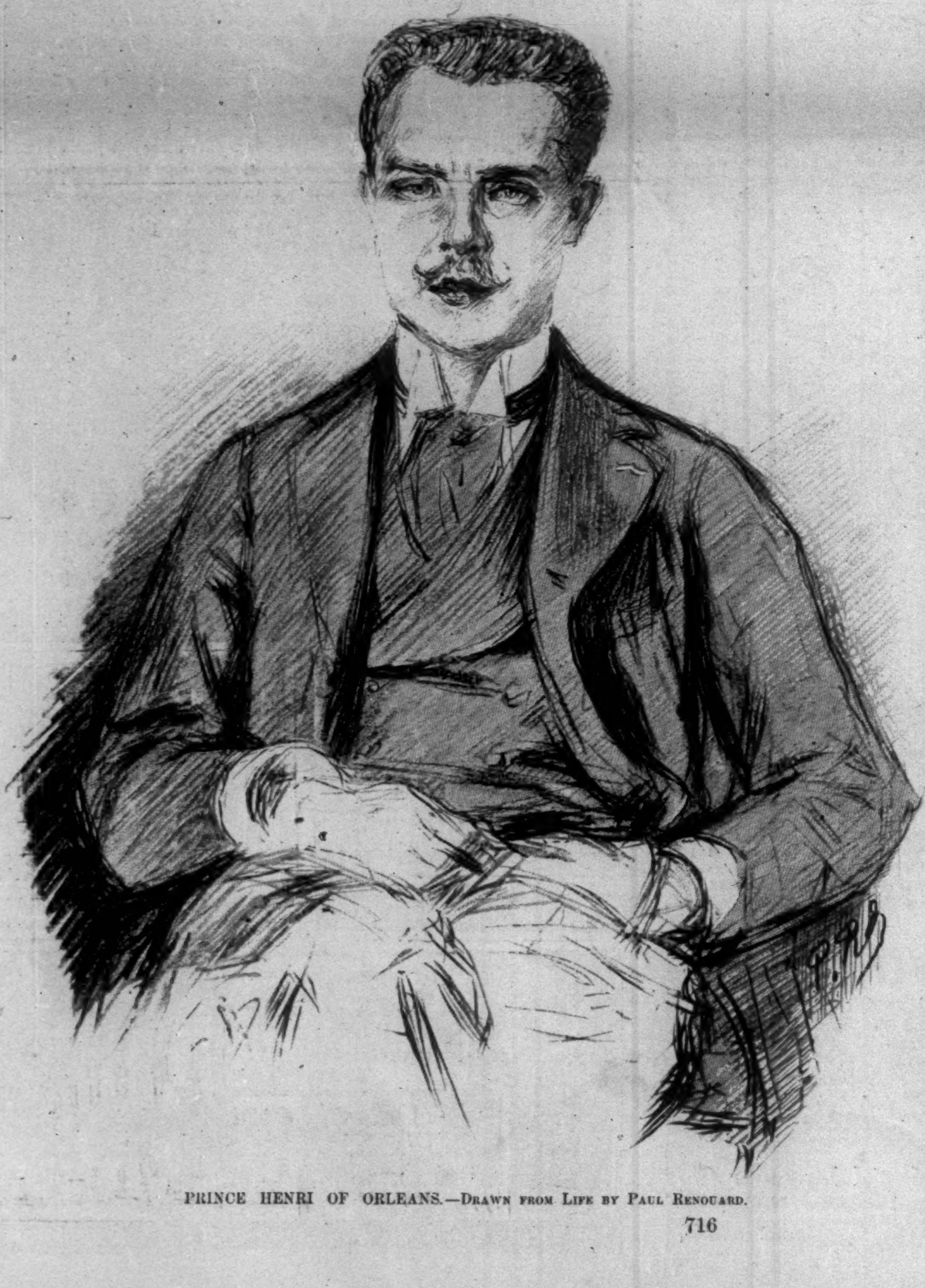
Schemes of colonization occupying then entirely Prince Henri's attention, this chimed in with the bent of the French mind, and his name became popular as a representative of this policy of aggrandizement. At least the young Orleanist was supposed, because he had gone over the ground, to practically understand what were the exact conditions.

Then a new phase set in. The Prince having received certain honors from the republican government, the acceptance of them brought out a rebuke from the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, who supposably represented the head and front of the Royalist managing company. Though couched in carefully worded phrases, the gist of it was that it was unbeseeming to an Orleanist prince to truckle to republicans. To this the Prince Henri was wise enough not to reply. It was the young Duke of Orleans who took up the cudgels in behalf of his kinsman.

The Duke of Orleans did not spare the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier. The Orleans duke resented the interference, remarking that if the French monarchy was founded on the past, and can be only reconstructed in the future by "the affectation of inert and expectant dignity standing motionless on distant shores, because of the greatness of its traditions, and deeming itself too lofty to mix with men and things, we are not of one mind." The Duke of Orleans pithily remarked that he was "the judge of royal dignity," and that he had no distrust of universal suffrage, and even declared that were he to be selected as a candidate for a French village, he would suffer no loss of dignity. He congratulated the Prince Henri "on having received the Legion of Honor from republican hands." Now comes something more, which has drawn marked attention to the Duke of Orleans, and the matter he puts in the shape of a question: "Is it desired that if I were one day at the head of my country, [and] good citizens should refuse to accept from me the recompense of their merits and services on the ground of their having had republican sentiments?" The duke here anticipates what might be some future contingency, the possibility of his becoming the ruler of France. There can be no other interpretation given his words.

It is the imprévu, the unsuspected, which has often swayed the destinies of France, and there always will be Orleanists, Bourbons, and Napoleonists. As far as the Royalists are concerned, unquestionably the Duke of Orleans holds now the first place.

In France feelings and sentiments undergo rapid changes. It has been said that the Church of France thinks it can find its support outside of monarchy. The peasant, too, has been reassured, for he knows that his "arpents" of grain or vine are safe under a republic. Over all this, however, there looms a dark cloud. It will take hundreds of years before France will cease longing for those two fair provinces Germany holds. That rapt France never will forget or forgive. If ever, then, there is the man born who, by force of arms or otherwise, can bring back Alsace and Lorraine, he will be the leader of France, indifferent as to whether he is Orleanist, Bourbonist, Napoleonist, or Republican.



PRINCE HENRI OF ORLEANS.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD.

AMATEVR · SPORT

MANY LETTERS HAVE COME recently to me, from as many different sources, asking explanation of the term "ethical status," used in this Department in the discussion of questions touching amateur sport. I confess to a slight perplexity concerning the incentives of the respective authors—whether prompted by honest ignorance and a genuine desire for information, by a spirit of raillery, or by the wish to have technical definitions set forth, and to explore them for possible loop-holes through which future trafficking incursions might enter.

To me it is quite as incomprehensible that gentlemen should require the ethics of amateur sport defined as that a boy of high tone and manly spirit should permit any school or college or club "agent" to approach him with "inducements." Perhaps I should express my innermost thought more unmistakably if I said, rather, it is so bitterly disappointing to note evidences from time to time of how really small is the class of gentlemen and manly boys. I do not believe a gentleman of the heart—not he of the made-to-order veneer—needs to be told that the games of gentlemen are the mediums for sport, vigorous and healthful, not the means to pot-collecting and money-making. I believe a boy who has knightly blood in his veins and a manly spirit will turn his back on whoever dares tempt him with a bribe. The boy who does not resent such an insult has neither blood, spirit, nor self-respect.

I DO NOT REMEMBER, in the years of my knocking about on the campus or on the marsh or in the wilds, a thorough-going sportsman who was not also a gentleman, if not always by birth and education, at least so by instinct and nature. No occasion for elaborate definitions for him. He did not require his board and tuition as an inducement to play baseball, he did not crust moose, nor use a shot-gun on deer, nor strive for a bulging bag of quail or big creel of fish in order subsequently to boast of the slaughter; nor did he require the incentive of a purse to play a game of golf. The only definition he had he was born with: sport for sport's sake—it is inherent, and the all-sufficient and only needful guide.

Good, honest, clean sport makes manly boys and gentle men. And the class is growing, slowly, yet growing, to teach those others the principles of amateur sport, and what they mean to "Young America" and to the United States. If you are not alive to the broadness of this great question, to its influence for good or for ill, you have ignored the various straws that show the course the wind is blowing.

If you are not alive to the pulse of healthful sport, you are a clod rather than a sentient being.

SPLITTING THE HAIRS OF OUR DEFINITIONS is one of the incipient and most displeasing evidences of professional tendency. And it is not, as a rule, a desire to propound fairer conditions for all. There is not the solicitude of sport for its own sake, but the spirit of a harpy who wants many avenues along which to seek the unwary, and perhaps, in one more distant and less carefully protected than another, to run a victim to earth and to satisfy his lust for athletic pelf. We set up rules and elaborate them to no end of technical nicety, only to proceed forthwith on a diligent search for some weak point, whither to direct our attack. It is a game of legislative ninepins. It is the same spirit that actuates the tout, the book-maker, the professional runner, and the "bruiser." There is not even the semblance of sport for sport's sake, but a miserable exhibition of sport for the sake of what we can get out of it.

OF THE MANY LETTERS received, if only one conveys a genuine wish for enlightenment—it will be a pleasure to satisfy it, even though, by so doing, a butt is made for the quips of some others. Ethical status, then, is nothing more nor less than athletic morality; and the doctrine of athletic morality, like all other doctrines, bases its standard on purity. Ethics, therefore, as applied to amateur sport, relate to purity, and purity in this application means honesty, cleanliness, wholesomeness—*i. e.*, sport for sport's sake. The ethical status of a man or an institution may not be the highest, and yet not have descended so low as to be professional. The man who plays for money, who accepts cash as the reward for winning, is a professional, whether he run a foot-race for a purse, play golf for a stake, shoot pigeons for sweepstakes, or race a yacht for a cheque. That is plain and easily understood. But unfortunately there are many men, professional at heart and dishonest of inclination, who masquerade as amateurs, and attain their remuneration indirectly. These are worse than professionals.

THERE IS NO WRONG in honest professionalism; the wrong is in dishonest amateurism.

Whenever a man engages in sport for other reasons than for sport's sake, his ethical status becomes questionable, and descends in proportion to his departure from the only rule that should govern all amateurs.

His ethics are below par when he accepts board or tuition for baseball or other athletic skill; when he does not contribute to a training-table the amount of his usual expense; when he plays on summer baseball nines and indirectly receives some compensation therefor; when, in fact, his participation in sport is influenced by the receipt of material advantages he would not otherwise receive.

The ethical status of a college or club team is not the highest when the athletic life of any one of its members has been such as to create doubt of its purity. Evil associations corrupt good athletic morals. Charges of wrong-doing only result in that most unsatisfactory verdict, "not proven"; but suspicion has been aroused, and the athlete, and the college or the club team that would be accorded the highest ethical status, must be above suspicion.

NOR MAY ARBITRARY AND UNUSUAL rulings of an association affect the actual ethical status of the individual. He is at the bar of sportsmen, and as he conducts himself in sport, so will he be judged. Ethics may not be distributed off-hand by executive committees that seem only to know them by hearsay; one's ethics are partly inherent and partly the result of education; they cannot on occasion be whitewashed by accommodating "reinstatement committees"; neither can they be considered unsullied because an association permits what all sportsmen condemn.

Thus, for instance—to come to particular illustration—because the United States Golf Association allows a golfer to play for a money stake and calls him an amateur, it does not follow that the ethics of that golfer are unimpeachable, or that he is even an amateur. The world of sportsmen will not only regard his ethics as below par, but consider his amateur standing forfeited.

GOLF IS THE YOUNGEST of American games, but has revealed a most startling ignorance or disregard of the ethics of amateur sport, as the following definitions rather show:

> "SEC. 9. An amateur golfer shall be a golfer who has never personally made for sale golf clubs, balls, or any other article connected with the game; who has never carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of fifteen years, and who has not carried clubs for hire at any time within six years of the date on which the competition begins; who has never received any consideration for playing in a match or for giving lessons in the game, and who for a period of five years prior to the 1st of September, 1890, has never contended for a money prize in any open competition.
>
> "SEC. 10. Only members of clubs belonging to this association, subscribers for the season thereto, and those entitled under the rules of any associate or allied club to the use of the links, in whole or in part, for a period not less than the entire current season, can compete for the amateur and women's championships, and competitors must enter for these championships through the secretaries of their respective clubs, who, in sending the names, shall be held to certify that the players are bona fide golfers, in accordance with the terms of the foregoing definition."

A mutilated edition of the Association's year-book and a leaflet bearing only the revision of last spring were responsible for our publishing an incomplete amateur ruling in a recent issue. Now that we have the complete definitions, however, the indifference to ethics seems studied, and therefore the more reprehensible. There is no prohibition on playing for money, but rather a defining as to how the "amateur" may play for money. He may not do so, for instance, in an open competition, but he may in a club tournament. He may not be paid for playing in a match, but he may play for a stake in that selfsame match. He may not teach for money, but he may openly back himself in a match, or he may make a match for any sum with one who does teach for money. This is truly a unique exploitation of ethics.

IF THE ASSOCIATION WISHES US TO BELIEVE it really is "opposed to amateurs playing matches for money," as its officials privately affirm, it must give some more substantial evidence of its sentiments. We can hardly credit it after reading these definitions, even if we had not the personal knowledge of match-making for stakes that is going on daily hereabouts. Apropos of which it was probably a bit unfair to Mr. Cox to single him out by way of illustrating what dozens of others are constantly doing—*i. e.*, playing for wagers. But for the secretary to proclaim through the daily press that "there is but one match in the history of golf in America in which amateurs are said to have played to determine a wager," is either to display an astonishing ignorance of what is going on, or to deliberately misrepresent facts. Or perhaps the secretary chooses his English with greater nicety than we at first recognize; I do not recall even one match for money between amateurs.

I fear, however, there lurks no such subtlety in the secretary's words to bid us hope for better things in the near future. The following extract from a published letter to a golf committee-man of a near-by country club is rather convincing that the views of the honorable secretary and our own on the ethics of amateur sport do not coincide:

> "You are right in your decision that accepting a money prize does not in any way hurt the amateur standing of a golf-player, except that the competition be an open one, and as most of the clubs here in the East have adopted the same system, or even played for sweepstakes, when the winner gets the cash, I do not think there can be any adverse criticism in regard to this matter."

By what peculiar legislative dispensation a golfer may accept a money prize and yet retain his amateur standing, I leave some of the new school of "amateurs" to explain.

The fact is, the situation is absurd, and cannot possibly continue without finally coming to corruption and scandal. There are men in the golf association who view the matter in its proper light, and I shall expect to shortly see their influence work to the abolition of the present "amateur," and to the establishment of a genuine one.

MEANWHILE THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP is being decided this week at Shinnecock, and some interesting close play is expected. Chicago is very strong with the champion Macdonald, who recently equalled Fonlis's unofficial record of 82 for the Wheaton links, and Whigham is very little behind. Next to these two, Fenn, Leeds, Sands, Stoddart, Tyng, Toler, Menzies, Lynch, Rushmore, and possibly Livermore, seem likely to be well up in the first sixteen. When it comes to 18-hole match play on a short course, such as Shinnecock, a man six strokes worse than his opponent is apt to fluke it in. The relative merits of the player will probably be better shown in a 36-hole medal play than in match play, though match play is true golfing. It will be interesting to note the improvement in form over last year, and safe to say that whoever defeats either Macdonald or Whigham will show the best game yet seen on American links.

THERE ARE NO EXCUSES to be offered for Yale's defeat by Leander at Henley. Yale makes none, nor does America. They were outrowed fairly and completely. But the race seems to me to provide a fourth telling lesson (Harvard's crew experience in '69, Yale's track athletic team in '94, and Cornell's crew last year being the first, second, and third respectively) on the advantage of English over American training. Not that the Yale crew this year was trained improperly. Not even that training after English methods would have materially changed the result last week. Yale suffered no reverses of form due to climate, and her men were fit and strong on the day of the race. The lesson, to my mind, is furnished by the work of Yale on the second half and the condition of her men at the finish. And it impels the query—do we not take the "devil" out of our athletes by the long and severe training to which we subject them? I am thoroughly convinced we do. We have had practical experiments and definite results on that subject within the last two years on our football fields. We easily remember the brilliant work of that splendid Princeton eleven of three years ago, that departed from the old tradition of working men like dray-horses, and left snap and fire in them for the actual contest. Another such team has not yet come out of an American university, but it served to revolutionize the training of football teams. Perhaps after Cornell's experience last year and that of Yale this, American university boating authorities may conclude that we work our men too hard in practice. At least we work them so hard as to deaden the snap which is characteristically American.

THE REVELATION OF WEAKNESS where we believed we had greatest strength is the most impressive feature of this lesson. It is commonly believed that in all contests where nervous dash and energy are salient factors the American is superior. And the world's records bear out the supposition, for we sprint and hurdle faster, jump higher and farther. And yet Oxford defeated Yale in the sprints with men whose previous records were not better than Yale's, and last week Leander, in a sprint boat-race, rowed Yale literally to a standstill. Now why? The disparity in ages does not explain it, because, in the first place, the Oxford sprinters were no older, and again, in the second place, although Leander averaged a few years older than Yale, the advantage of age is in longer tests of strength rather than in shorter bursts of endeavor. As between a man twenty-five who has settled to his life's work, and one twenty just bidding adieu to his college days, the happiest he will ever know, the younger man should be the favorite in a 100 or 440 yard dash, or in a one mile and 550 yard row. It is true, too, that the Yale athletic team which made the English invasion in '94 was not above the Yale average of skill, while the Yale crew of '96 may be said to be fully up to though not above the average. On the other hand, Oxford had only an average team, but Leander last week, according to English despatches, put forth one of the strongest crews in the club's history. All that is neither here nor there; the fact remains that America has been defeated in a department of athletic activity—*i. e.*, sprinting—in which we believed ourselves impregnable.

NOR CAN THE DIFFERENCE in stride or stroke pacify our disappointment. American sprinters never fail to get off the mark on even terms with any competitor, and are past masters in the science of pace and stride. Yet Yale suffered defeat by Oxford. And the result of the Leander-Yale race cannot at all be attributed to stroke. That is probably the most unsatisfactory part of the entire affair. Not that we seek an excuse for defeat, but we recognized a trial between two differing strokes—differing in their length, in body swing, and in rigging—and we cannot deduce any positive conclusions from the Henley results. That Englishmen know more of rowing than we do is true; that their universities have twenty finished oarsmen to our one recruit is shown by the succession of regattas at Oxford and Cambridge. That their watermanship is superb, every one knows who has seen an English crew. That Mr. Cook has gained additional knowledge, and that Yale's crews will hereafter be more formidable, none will doubt.

But granting all that, the fact remains it is yet to be proved whether the English stroke as rowed by Leander or the stroke as pulled by Yale will, all other conditions being equal, send the shell faster.

NOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE STROKES rowed by Leander and by Yale last week was principally in the length of reach and swing. The facts that the Englishmen sit at the sides of their boat, have oars six inches longer, with blades two inches narrower, and that their slides are rigged on the level, whereas Yale's are one inch higher forward than stern, are important details, but details none the less. The chief point at issue last week was as to the relative merits of the stroke, and we are about as much in the dark now as we were before. We, or rather let me be more courageous and say I, have believed the Yale stroke the better for one mile and 550 yards, or for four miles, because it shortens the present English stroke at both ends, does not stretch men out on the reach so they cannot get a square hard pull from the hips, nor send them so far back on the swing as to make such tremendous demands on the stomach muscles. In other words, I have believed the Yale stroke, by its concentration, its saving at each end, got the greatest power with the least effort. I have not the smallest doubt that the Leander crew of last week, rowing the Yale stroke, would have crossed the finish line even more seconds to the good. I think before many years have passed we shall witness another contest of these strokes, and attain some tangible facts for a fair comparison. There is no doubt that the Yale crew would have fallen farther behind had it used the longer reach and swing, which certainly take more out of a man, at the same number of strokes per minute, than the Yale stroke, shortened as it is at both ends.

In other words, the race for the Grand Challenge Cup resolved itself into a struggle between crews, and the stronger and faster won.

THERE IS JUST ONE FACTOR that may have weighed heavily in the balance of victory, and that is the difference in width of blades used by the two crews. R. C. Lehman, D. H. McLean, and Trevor-Jones, three of England's most learned university rowing coaches, declared before the race that Yale was greatly handicapped by the extra width of blade they would have to pull through the water, and after the race Trevor-Jones said Yale would have won had the crew used the same width of blade used by Leander. I fancy this to have been largely the generous spirit of a sportsmanly victor. It seems reasonable, at this distance, to believe that the narrower blade of Leander might be equally as effective in a sprint and require less effort than the wider one of Yale. And yet we heard nothing of narrow and wide blades last year when Cornell went to Henley. The one thing we now know, the only thing, pending a fuller and more detailed report than the cable gave us, is that the two crews were on even terms at the half mile, both rowing substantially the same number of strokes to the minute; that from that point Yale began to fall behind and to weaken, so that a quarter of a mile farther on the crew could not respond to Langford's attempt to raise the stroke.

In passing, I am reminded of Yale men's fears last winter that Langford was "too light in the waist" to stroke the crew on so short a race. Girth and avoirdupois are not the sole requisites to standing up under a hard fight; it is not the man with the biggest chest and calf measurement that runs the farthest or stays the longest; there are heart and nervous energy that count for even more. And Langford showed he had them all.

The cable tells us Leander won in 7.14 by a length and one-quarter to a length and three-quarters; that Yale rowed through to the end in good form, though they were exhausted, and their stroke four or five points below Leander's. There is also some consolation to the American crew in the subsequent victory of Leander over New College, and eventual capture of the Grand Challenge Cup from the Thames Club crew.

LOOKING IT ALL OVER very carefully, therefore, I can see no room for decisive comparison of strokes. The fact of the two crews being even at half-way, rowing about the same stroke per minute, shows that there is little to choose between the two. Could Yale have continued to put the power in their stroke and the dash into their work, the last part of the race, that they did in the first part, who shall say what the result would have been? It was altogether a different case from that of last year when Cornell, pulling 44 to Trinity's 38, and yet falling behind, decisively showed the superiority of the English stroke.

Yale's stroke fell several points below Leander's in the last half, because they were too dead to hit it up. I maintain that all American crews are worked too hard. Yale had been in training for several months before sailing for the other side, and were worked early and late on the Thames. Leander had been together and in training only a few weeks.

LEANDER HAD RESERVE FORCE; they had something to draw on in a spurt that took every ounce of power in their bodies; they could come again; they had strength to make that vicious dig into the water and give that vigorous heave which means so much at the end of a race. Yale had no fire in reserve; beautifully developed and strongly muscled, the American crew could have probably struck a strong 34 gait and held it all day, but when it came to a burst of unusual effort, the crew that might have plodded for an hour could not maintain a racing pace for seven minutes. Those of you who read this and have trained will appreciate the difference in condition that will enable you to shove a heavy dumbbell and yet quickly go dead punching the bag. A man does not require such a terrific amount of work to keep at the height of his strength and activity. The trouble is that activity receives too little consideration in the fitting, and popular opinion consigns a man to the athletic tread-mill in order to give strength and endurance to his muscles. From personal experience I know that supposition to be a fallacy.

At all events, we are glad there was no wind to retard Leander and speed Yale. Better a dozen races lost under perfectly fair conditions than a single victory over a handicapped opponent. We are glad, too, that Englishmen had an opportunity to become acquainted with the highest development of American oarsmanship as represented by Captain Treadway's form. Aside from his skill with an oar Treadway is a sportsman of whom we are justly proud.

Congratulations to Leander for their victory and to Yale for their pluck. We await another trial between the two strokes, and again, as always, may the better win.

IF ENGLISH UNIVERSITY-MEN, to whom rowing is a universal and all-the-year-round recreation, will consider, that of the Yale crew only four had sat in a 'varsity boat last year, only three had rowed for two years, the previous experience of three had been restricted to the Freshman crew, and one had never before a seat in any boat—they will the more admire Yale's showing against Leanders' veteran eight. The reception given to Yale was such as might be expected from sportsmen to sportsmen, and the relations between the English and American oarsmen entirely delightful.

The only unpleasant feature of the visit was the despicable exhibition of the *Field's* implacable enmity to all things American, in its distribution at Henley of leaflets containing a sensational newspaper story, reprinted from a New York journal, of Yale fearing unfair treatment in the race, and which no more represented Yale's sentiment than the *Field* represents the spirit of English sportsmen.

With cads like Dunraven standing for English yachting, and bitter prejudice running riot in the "Country Gentleman's Newspaper," as the *Field* calls itself, there is small wonder that Americans who have no personal acquaintance with English sportsmen eye them askance.

The revised record herewith (which takes the place of the one published in June 13 issue) of international boatraces now stands:

1869. A Harvard 'varsity four rowed Oxford over the Putney to Mortlake course, on Thames, 4 miles 2 furlongs, and was defeated by six seconds.

1876. At the Centennial Regatta, Philadelphia, a Yale four, stroked by Robert J Cook, the present coach, lost by four feet to the London Rowing Club. Time, 8.51 for both crews.

In another event at the same regatta crews of Yale, Columbia, and First Trinity of Cambridge met. Trinity was very badly steered and did not finish. Yale secured first honors; Columbia second.

1878. Columbia sent a four-oared crew to Henley, which were beaten in a trial heat for the Stewards' Challenge Cup, but won the Visitors' Challenge Cup. This continues to be the only English boating trophy on this side the ocean.

The Shoe-wae-cae-mette four were defeated in the final heat for the Stewards' Challenge Cup at Henley.

1881. Cornell sent to Henley a four-oared crew that had the previous year won the American Inter-collegiate Regatta on Lake George. It lost at Henley as well as subsequently on the Continent.

1895. Cornell entered an eight-oared crew for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. It won its first heat from Leander by default, and lost its second to Trinity Hall, collapsing about 300 yards from the finish. Trinity Hall's time, 7.14.

1896. Yale entered an eight-oared crew for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley, which met Leander, said to be the fastest crew that ever represented this club, in the first heat, and were defeated by one length and three-quarters in 7.14. Leander subsequently won the cup, defeating New College and the Thames Rowing Club.

THE INCREASED INTEREST IN POLO this year shows the attention it received last autumn to have been due to the game's steady growth rather than to a temporary spurt. And that is no news to whosoever has been following the fortunes of polo the past half-dozen years. It has always had a firm hold on the affections of sportsmen, but for three years now the game has been going forward at a pace apparent even to the most casual observer. It is a pity practically that all the tournaments must be played at the country clubs, for hereabouts the clubs are too inaccessible to permit the attendance of sportsmen generally. An hour's ride after the game on a hot night in a stuffy accommodation train, and with no dinner until 9 30, is calculated to deaden the sportsman's enthusiasm, let the game he attended have been never so exciting.

"If we but had a field more centrally located to become an American Hurlingham the game would attain great popularity. Yet that would demand of the players considerable expense and unnecessary travelling, for most of them live in the neighborhood of the clubs, and probably the present is the only feasible plan, though it is a pity none the less that the game should not be given more chance to expand.

THE PRESENT SEASON RECORDS not only increased general interest, but a greater number of players, and a considerable improvement in form, especially in the second class. And Rockaway leads the way. The activity that is being gradually driven from the hunting field is evidently seeking solace of polo, and apparently finding it. There are three regularly organized teams this year, and enough more players to scratch together another. Rockaway learned a couple of years ago the folly of ignoring the second-class players, and to-day is enjoying the result of encouraging their play and sustaining their interest.

Meadow Brook is having an experience directly the opposite. The first team has been the loadstone, and all the rest ignored, hence, now that the old first team is scattered, another must be developed from material that has not had the drilling to assure first-class form. Meadow Brook has an active, sportsmanly captain, however, in Mr W. C. Eustis, and we shall look for a good showing in the championship.

With E. C. Potter on the invalid list for the summer, and the Waterbury boys not playing, Westchester may be said to be practically out of polo for this year, which is indeed too bad, it made so good a showing last season There is no keener sportsman than Potter, nor two more promising players than those Waterbury lads.

MORRISTOWN IS ENJOYING a polo revival. Once the Country Club had one of the strongest teams in the Association, but it disbanded a couple of years ago, and no attempt has since been made to re-enter the lists. No regular team is yet organized, but there are more individual players than ever before. Men cannot long knock a ball around among themselves without attaining a desire to organize for serious play. The Agawam Hunt Club at Providence is yet another place where the polo spirit grows apace, while of new clubs there are four—one each at Washington, Brooklyn, and at Orlando, and Jacksonville, Florida On the Pacific coast the team of the Burlingame Country Club, which hitherto has displayed no very profound knowledge of polo, has improved to such an extent as to defeat the Riversides, 12 to 2, which are in southern California, and have been playing the game for close on to half a dozen years.

There is no reason why Burlingame should not play a high grade of polo. There is abundant youthful vigor, time, and money.

NOT THE LEAST GRATIFYING evidence of polo's wholesome progress is furnished by its recognition at the army posts, which this year is greater than ever. The game is now being played regularly at Fort Myer, Fort Reilly, Fort Leavenworth, and Fort Walla Walla, and is also in contemplation at West Point. At Fort Myer, where the efforts of Lieutenant W. C. Short were largely responsible for the game's introduction, they have been playing two years, and although beaten the other day by the Philadelphia City Troop, showed commendable skill. It was a pretty game, too, that between Fort Myer and the City Troop. I wonder the country clubs do not borrow a bit of color from the army The regimental band was stationed at one end of the field, and played during the intermission between periods. Fort Myer was deficient in team-work, but had dash enough for three teams, and skill entirely commensurate with their handicap.

This is the first year the City Troop has had a team, although M. G. Rosengarten, Jun., J. Frank McFadden, John C. Groome, and B. Frank Clyde, who represented it against Fort Myer, are not new to the game.

OF THE TOURNAMENTS PLAYED thus far, those at Hempstead (Meadow Brook) and Cedarhurst (Rockaway) are the most important, and Philadelphia at the latter place has been much in evidence.

At Hempstead the Meadow Brook cups were at stake, and neither the first nor second home team was equal to a successful defence, being beaten by first and second Rockaway. Meadow Brook shows very plainly the need of team practice.

At Cedarhurst the Alden Cup was played for by both Meadow Brook and Rockaway first and second teams, by Philadelphia Country Club, and by Devon, and won last Friday by the last from the Rockaway first team.

Devon is a new team, and its play is much better than its handicap suggests. Nevertheless, it has put up some of the best polo we have seen from a Philadelphia team. Rockaway had to allow it 22 goals, and it made two, while Rockaway made 18, Stowe playing in Keene's stead. Devon earlier in the week won the Blizzard Cups from the Rockaway third team, in which it was also aided by the handicap, each side scoring an equal number of goals.

Philadelphians deserve all the polo glory they achieve, for they are greatly handicapped for want of teams with which to practice.

OF PLAYING FORM THUS FAR Rockaway first team has shown quite the best. Cowdin is the same steady, invaluable player, despite his winter's illness. Keene never played more brilliantly; indeed, I doubt if he ever equalled the work he has been doing the last two weeks. Stevens is filling his position well, and George Eustis, who will play with Rockaway this year, shows improvement on last year's form. Of the second team Albert Francke shows constant improvement, and is playing strongly.

Polo tournament play now shifts to Dedham, where there is much activity this year and improved form. Myopia, the championship four, has not thus far equalled its form of '95, nor revealed play so strong as Rockaway, though last week against the second team it showed improvement.

Brookline Country Club's polo this year is somewhat desultory.

IN SUBMITTING A CHOICE for an All-America baseball nine it should be remembered that a candidate's athletic ethics are taken into consideration, as well as his baseball skill. I believe I have made this statement every year for at least the last five years, and as regularly after the publication of the All-America team I have been bombarded with letters insisting on explanation why this man or that man was ignored. I beg leave to remind readers that this Department makes no demands for the acceptance of its choice. There is no good reason why those who do not approve of its selection should not make one that will be more satisfactory to themselves and to their friends. This being understood, I offer the following as my choice of an All-America amateur nine for '96: pitcher, Wilson, Princeton; catcher, Murphy, Yale; first base, Letton, Yale; second base, Rodman, Brown; third base, Haughton, Harvard; short stop, Ward, Princeton; left field, Greenway, Yale; centre field, Bradley, Princeton; right field, Robinson, Brown. Substitutes: catcher, Dunne, Brown; pitcher, Paine, Harvard; in-fielder, Fultz, Brown; out-fielder, Burgess, Harvard. This nine has not been picked without due consideration of the West; but whereas the improvement in play has been marked throughout that section, I have discovered no individual whose skill and ethics entitle him to rank above those chosen.

SOMEWHAT OF A DEPARTURE has been made in placing Rodman and Haughton at positions on the All-America nine which they have not been filling on their respective college teams. And this is a compliment to their skill, and evidence that they are too valuable to be lost to the national team merely because another is preferred for the base they have covered during the season. Letton, Haughton, and Rodman are three as clever first-basemen as college baseball has developed in many a year. They have made fewer errors than any other of the players on their respective nines, and the first two are among the most consistent performers with the bat. Haughton is a natural ball-player, and his sure fielding would, I think, make him even more valuable at third than he has been at first. Rodman would play as fast a game at second as Fultz, which is praise enough, and make less errors in his fielding, although he is not so strong at the bat as Fultz. In fact, Fultz has been quite the strongest second-baseman of the year; the others have not even approached him. Of third-basemen, Davis of Wesleyan has, to my mind, filled his position most acceptably. Barring Quinby and Bartlett, all the short stops have left little to be desired, Brown and, at the last, Harvard being particularly strong, after Princeton. The out-fielders have all been good.

QUITE THE MOST PLEASING feature of the season has been the almost entire suppression of "muckerish" coaching and attempts at rattling opposing pitchers. But there was still evidence of unsportsmanlike tactics in play, and furnished, too, sadly enough, by two of the more prominent teams—Yale and Princeton. Princeton opened the season on her home grounds by setting a most wholesome example to both Yale and Harvard. The latter accepted it, and on her own home grounds showed equal sportsmanship. But Yale evinced a tendency in her first game at New Haven to resort to holding and blocking base-runners, which Princeton met in a spirit of retaliation. This year I have not kept an accurate count of offenders, but next year I shall establish a black list for these men who disgrace college baseball.

THE SEASON OF COLLEGE BASEBALL has been characterized by heavy batting and costly errors. I do not recall a year that equalled it in either respect. Nor can the batting be attributed to weakness in the pitcher's box, for although we have had no pitching stars of the brilliancy of Yale's Carter last year or Princeton's Young several years ago, yet as a class they have been strong and steady, and the battery-work generally has averaged high. The most consistent all-round work was done by Brown, which won 19 out of 23 games played, with a team (and substitutes) composed of six Sophomores, four Freshmen, two Juniors, and two Seniors—a record never duplicated, I think, by any college nine. Brown's in-field was impregnable, and the strength of the nine lay in its team-play.

The greatest improvement from beginning to ending of the season was shown by Harvard. She opened weakly, but finished strongly, and great credit is due Captain Dean, who literally made a team out of material not above the average. Harvard's weakness was in base-running, which was timid, and accounted for lost opportunities to score at times when it might have turned defeat into victory.

PRINCETON'S RECORD IS NOT COMMENSURATE with the initial strength of the nine, despite its winning the Harvard and Yale series. Consistency is a virtue it lacked, and which would have given it the Yale series in three straight games. The chief faults appeared to be "slugging" the ball, in contradistinction to placing it, and unsteadiness in fielding at critical moments. It was in these two particulars that Brown excelled.

Yale has had a weak in-field all season, which no amount of shifting players seemed to remedy. The out-field was strong and reliable, the base-running and batting good.

There is not the space for extended individual comment, but Robinson, Letton, Haughton, Greenway, Rodman, Fultz—in fact, every one of the selected All-America nine and substitutes—are worthy of especial and detailed commendation for their season's play. Fultz and Ward made too many errors for men of their ability, but deserve praise, nevertheless.

Cornell started well, but failed to develop team-work. Individually, Beacham is the only man worthy of consideration for an All-America nine.

Pennsylvania had a nine of raw recruits, and did exceedingly well with them.

Wesleyan made a most worthy record, and had three men in pitcher Tirrell, catcher Yaw, and Davis at third whom only exceptional men could keep off the national team The same is true of Lewis of Williams.

After much research I find, through the kind offices of Walter Camp, that prior to this year Princeton has won three games at New Haven—in '73, score, 10–9; '75, 3-0; and in '85, 15–13.

The first four college nines of the year I should place as Brown, Princeton, Harvard, and Yale, although the fact of there having been no Princeton-Brown or Harvard-Yale games makes conclusions somewhat unsatisfactory. I shall comment separately on the Western colleges next week.

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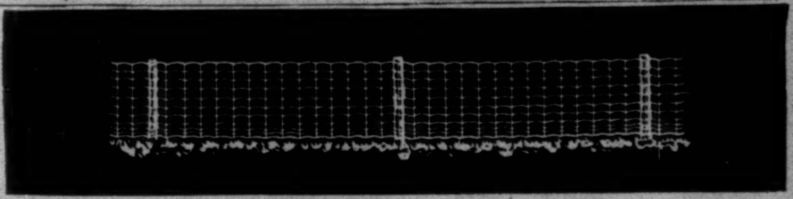

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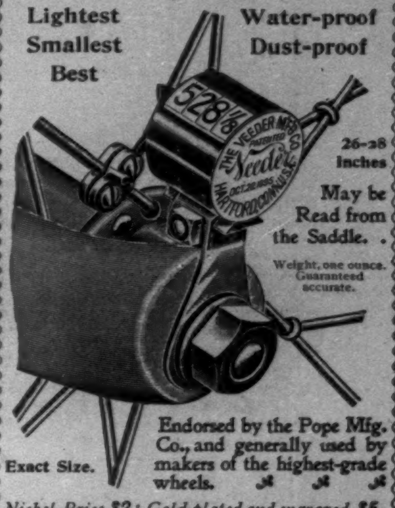

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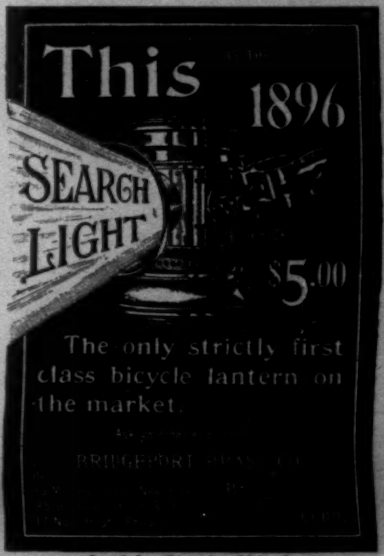

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